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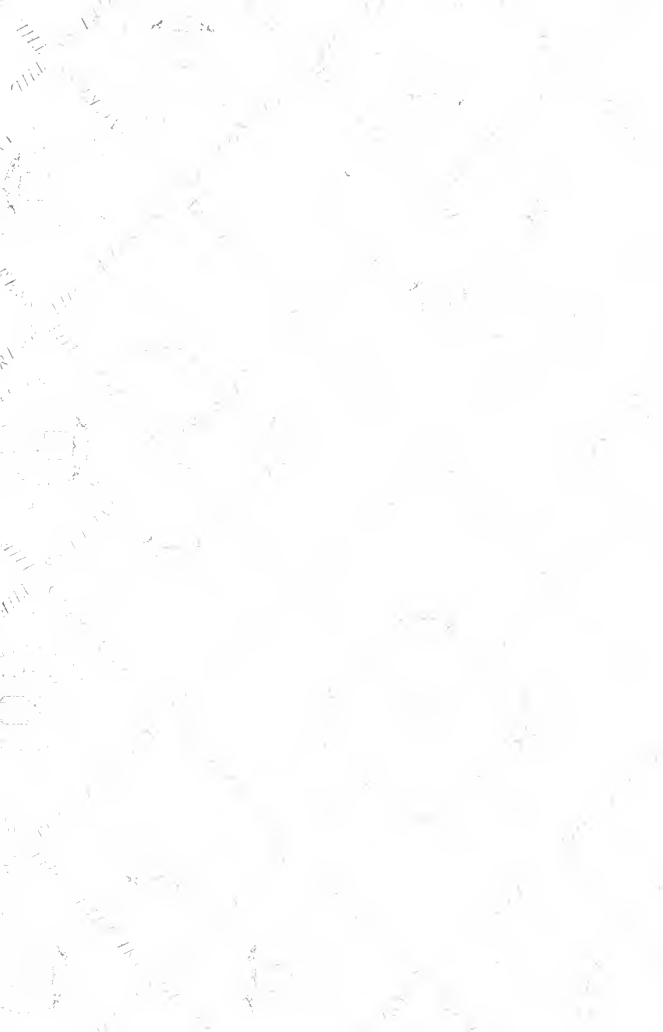
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KATHARINE





# A TRAVESTY

BY



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BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

To  
The Shades of Shakespeare

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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- Petrucio* : A gentleman of Verona in search of a wife not lacking in spirit or wealth, particularly the latter.
- Baptista* : A wealthy resident of Padua with a surplus of daughters.
- Lucentio* : A gentleman of Pisa quite willing to aid Baptista in reducing the surplus.
- Tranio* : A servant and accomplice to Lucentio.
- Hortensio* :  
*Gremio* : | Two gentlemen of Padua in search of wealth, also willing to aid Baptista in the reduction of the surplus.
- Grumio* : Servant to Petrucio.
- Biondello* : Servant to Lucentio.
- Katharine* :  
*Bianca* : | The surplus. The first of a fiery disposition, reckless and unbroken. The second amiable but intelligent.
- Laura* : A widow before her first appearance, coincidentally and subsequently a bride.
- Cooks, messenger boys, newsboys, supernumeraries, musicians, base drummers, ushers, auditors and costumes.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A Public Place.

*Numbers of Paduans are discovered. As the curtain rises they advance and sing the Opening Chorus.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Oh, the festive youth of Padua,  
We are!  
Italians bold and bad in fullest measure,  
We boldly dissipate  
To the horror of the State,  
And we never do abate aught of pleasure.  
It matters not the time of day,  
We say,  
For Italians bold and bad are dissipating  
In the darkness of the night.

*KATHARINE.*

In the garish glare of light,  
'Mongst the doers of the right rarely rating.  
We believe that earthly life is sort  
Of short,  
And we think the fair is worthy of the brave,  
So we sacrifice to pleasure,  
In the very fullest measure,  
Till we seek the well-earned leisure of the grave.

*Enter Lucentio and Tranio.*

*Lucentio* : To Padua I've always wished to come,  
But up to date my father's kept me home ;  
To apron strings I've been securely tied,  
Doomed not to travel 'yond the fireside.  
In smoke and flames, i' faith, much can be  
seen :  
Castles, and fields, and danksome moat  
between ;  
But all this ends at last in conflagration  
And leaves behind a strained imagination.  
The joys of smoke the Governor re-  
sented—  
“ A habit vile by Hades' Lord invented ”  
And as for flames, I could not see a maid  
Without the deuce to pay—and always  
paid.  
Flirtation sweet, I never dared to try it—

That is, not oft, and then upon the quiet.  
At last one night to him I gave the hint

[*Points to Tranio.*

To pack my trunk and put my best suit  
in 't.

To leave my Pisan home I'd set my mind.  
I loved my dad, but he was much too kind,  
Paying me by far too great attention—  
As if I had a vote in a convention,  
And he by an undying thirst  
For public office was accur'st.  
Then, while my worthy sire slept,  
We two adown the ivy crept,  
And old Vincentio waked the following  
morn,  
Called loudly for us, but——

*Tranio :* We'd gone.

*Lucentio :* Now, as our chief ambition's to imprint  
A genial, warm and carminated tint  
Upon this town, we'll start to-night—  
What think'st thou, Tranio?

*Tranio :* My Lord, you're right.

*Lucentio :* And now, good Tranio, ere we push along  
Do you enchant mine ear with song.

*KATHARINE.*

## SONG.

## TWO LITTLE DUDES.

*Tranio :*

Two little Dudes from Pisa we,  
Starting out the world to see,  
Filled to the brim with ghoulish glee,  
Two little Dudes are we !

*Lucentio :*

I've run away from my papa,  
To apron strings I've bid ta-ta !

*Tranio :*

Life's continuous ha-ha-ha  
To little Dudes, tee-hee !

*Both :*

Two little Dudes with spirits airy,  
Skipped while the Governor, all unwary,  
Lay fast asleep in his big library—  
Two little Dudes are we !

*Lucentio :*

One little Dude's Lucentio—  
That's my name, I'd have you know,



*Tranio :*

The police know me as Tranio !

Two little Dudes are we !

*Lucentio :*

When two little Dudes get it in their head

To paint a pretty little townlet red—

*Tranio :*

They often succeed—that 's what is said !

*Both :*

Two little Dudes are we !

Two little Dudes with spirits airy,

Skipped while the Governor all unwary

Lay fast asleep in his big library.

*[Enter Baptista, Katharine, Bianca, Gremio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio, seeing them, rush each to one side of stage, and, before taking their exit, turn and sing in a whisper :]*

Two little Dudes are we !

*[Exeunt Tranio and Lucentio.]*

*Baptista :* *[Impatiently.]* I tell you, gentlemen, I will not

Let Bianca marry till I 've got

A husband for my daughter Kate—

A girl in all things temperate.

The eldest daughter should be first

In matrimony's sea immersed.  
Now, if you gentlemen would raffle  
For Katie, I'll remove the snaffle  
Which I have placed upon the bit  
Of those who with Bianca sit.

*Gremio* : I thank thee, friend, for that thou hast  
Given us an opportunity at last,  
But I had rather ever dance  
A Bachelor than take one chance  
Of having Katharine for my wife,  
To temper all my joy in life.

*Hortensio* : [*Aside.*] By Jove, old Gremio's right  
about it,  
A likely notion ! All men would flout it.  
Yet, if the old man I could baffle,  
For worthy Kate perhaps I'd raffle.

[*Meditates.*

But no ! The thought that I might win  
her !

Great Waverley ! 'T would spoil my dinner.

*Katharine* : See here, papa, you'd better take  
A little care 'bout how you make  
Remarks upon my lonely state,  
Nor be too wild to have me mate.  
'T would take a regiment of men  
To beard this lioness in her den !  
And, even with ten thousand such,

You'd find it hard to tame me much.  
So have a care. Propose no silly swain  
Like yonder youth with much more limb  
than brain;  
Or Gremio there, who speaks about a  
"dance,"  
Whose inefficient knee doth bag his pants.

[*Enter Lucentio, who hears Katharine's last words.  
Tranio follows.*]

*Lucentio*: [*Aside.*] I don't want her! Lucentio  
ne'er espouses  
A maid who thus refers to trousers.

[*Baptista, Katharine, Hortensio and Gremio retire  
to back of stage quarreling. Bianca following them  
runs into Lucentio. Both start.*]

*Lucentio*: Excuse me.

*Bianca*: I certainly shall pardon you,  
For an offense so slight I could not well  
be hard on you.

*Lucentio*: [*Aside.*] By all the gods! I never saw  
One quite so beautiful before!

*Bianca*: [*Aside.*] A pretty youth. I think that  
he's a  
Voyager, perhaps from Pisa—  
I judge so from his general style.

*Lucentio*: Good Tranio, gaze upon that smile!

I hope, dear madame, that I've not annoyed you,  
 Nor in any manner seemed t'have cloyed you.  
 The fact is, I'm a stranger here;  
 I knew not where I walked—

*Bianca:* Oh, never fear.

Of course, I do not like the sport  
 Of having strangers run athwart  
 My path, so that they knock me down;  
 But, as you're a stranger in the town,  
 Why, I'll forgive.

*Lucentio:* Thanks! Whom have I  
 The beatific pleasure to espy?

*Bianca:* Thy question is quite natural, yet  
 Thou overlook'st the etiquette  
 Which should exist 'twixt man and maid,  
 Rules in Padua, ne'er disobeyed.  
 I cannot tell you of myself, nor Kate.  
 Thy inquiries thou must abate.

*Lucentio:* To hear thy words leaves me distressed.  
 But I submit. *Jam satis est.*  
 [*He turns away. Bianca sings:*]

### ETIQUETTE SONG.

If etiquette permitted me  
 To introduce myself to you,

And tell you who I chanced to be,  
That's just the thing I'd like to do ;  
But in my book of manners spruce  
It says quite plain of this abuse,  
Who'll introduce  
One's self 's a goose.  
Such manners will let loose the deuce,  
And when I meet a man like you,  
A handsome, interesting man,  
I pine to tell how him I view  
Yon gloomy style of Paduan ;  
[*Points to Gremio and Hortensio.*]  
But slander I can ne'er forget,  
Is contrary to etiquette.  
It 's here in print,  
Just take a squint,  
Yes, yes,  
It 's contrary to etiquette.  
Again I'd like to say to you,  
That Papa is a millionaire,  
That I'm the heir of an uncle who  
Will shortly climb the golden stair,  
But here it says as plain as day,  
Of riches make no vain display,  
And so I may  
Make no display  
Of what's to come my way some day.

Indeed, there's much I'd gladly state,  
 If social rules would but permit ;  
 If etiquette would but abate—  
 One jot of all its rules remit,  
 But as it is, the laws are set,  
 And being bound by etiquette,  
 Bianca must  
 Discreetly dust,  
 Yes, yes,  
 Lest she should fracture etiquette.

*[Exit with all but Tranio and Lucentio.]*

*Tranio :* *[Shaking his head.]* Ah me ! The master's  
 hit, I fear.

This spoils my fun. Oh dear, oh dear !

*Lucentio :* Run, Tranio ! Find where yon maid hath  
 dwelling—

My heart with love is fairly swelling—  
 And, mind, until you've found the place,  
 Do n't dare to show to me your face.  
 Meanwhile, about the town I'll prowl,  
 And lay my plans to make Rome howl.

*[Exit.]*

*Tranio :* *[With a sigh.]* It's just my luck ! To get  
 in sight of riot  
 And settle down to most egregious quiet.  
 I wish old Cupid would kindly keep his  
 darts,

Or else go shooting in some other parts.  
But hold. I must be off or they  
Will get beyond my sight. Good day !

[*Exit.*

[*Enter Petrucio and Grumio.*]

*Petrucio* : Let 's see, I think they said that number  
six

Was where Hortensio piled the bricks  
From which is built his ancient castle.  
Step up and ring the door-bell, vassal.

*Grumio* : [*Inspecting the door.*] As well require  
stability of a rocker  
As ask a slave to ring a knocker.

*Petrucio* : Thou gibest, man? Why, thou art but a  
mortal,  
Yet could I wring thy neck ! Go to yon  
portal

And loudly rap. Likewise omit  
Those sorry shafts thou callest wit—  
I like not well that disposition sunny  
That wastes its time in trying to be funny.

*Grumio* : [*Seizing the knocker.*] Full well I know  
what is thy pleasure,  
I'll give this knocker fullest measure.

[*Knocks.*

I'll hammer here until the judgment day,  
I'll knock 'til you have grandsons, old and  
gray.

[*Knocks.*]

I'll pelt the door with this small brazen  
bit

Until the English girls wear clothes that fit.

[*Knocks.*]

I'll hit it, strike it, lamm and pound,

I'll kick and jab it, 'til it sound

Like distant thunder's sullen roar—

[*Knocks.*]

*Petrucio* : Oh, do shut up ! Do n't break the door !

*Hortensio* : [*Opening the door.*] Well, what on earth  
is all this racket ?

The door 's all right. Why do you whack it  
As if 't was guilty of some sin ?

*Grumio* : It 's about time you let us in !

[*Hortensio sees Petrucio.*]

*Hortensio* : [*Joyfully.*] Why, is not this Petrucio ?

*Petrucio* : It is—that is, they tell me so.

And you, my dear old college friend,

I've come to see you. Perhaps I'll spend

A year or two. Your very cordial note

Led me on foreign seas t' embark my boat.

*Hortensio* : [*Gloomily.*] Dost really think thou 'lt stay  
a year



With me in yonder mansion drear ?  
Not that I'd wish to have you go,  
But a year is pretty long, you know.

*Petrucio :* Well, we will see. It all depends  
On whether fortune my quest attends.  
From my native town, Verona, I have  
come  
To seek a wife—a maiden frolicsome,  
And one that's not afraid to speak her  
mind—  
To vapid sweetness I am not inclined.

*Grumio :* Indeed, I think, my Lord, if you  
Should wed the most confirmed shrew,  
She'd be subdued much quicker than it  
takes  
The festive lamb to give his tail two  
shakes.

*Petrucio :* I asked thee not for thy opinion,  
So get thee gone, thou saucy minion !

*Hortensio :* [*Aside.*] This notion sets my heart a-whirl  
The shrewish Kate is just the girl !  
A man for Kate ! For this her dad doth  
hanker.  
Petrucio for her, for me Bianca !

*Petrucio :* What words, Hortensio, dost thou mumble ?  
Confide them to thy servant humble.

*Grumio* : Yes, sweet Hortensio, tell us what thou  
say'st ?

*Petrucio* : Oh, Grumio, get out ! Give us a rest !

*Hortensio* : I mumbled, sir, about a maid that I know,  
With hair the tint of solferino.  
She has the very best complexion  
That can be furnished in this section.  
She dresses like a queen. Indeed,  
Were not my own affections gone to seed,  
I'd try to win the maid myself ;  
But, good Petrucio, I'm laid upon the  
shelf.  
Now Katharine—that's the lady's name—  
For Petrucio is just the dame !  
She's rich and proud, and has the proper  
notion  
'Bout how to live, and views without  
emotion  
The passing years which leave her still a  
maid,  
And never hesitates to call a spade a  
spade.  
Now I suggest that you go straightway  
To Villa Minola, just within the gate-way,  
'Tis there this maid from babyhood has  
tarried

And 't is from there I hope she 'll soon be married.

*Petrucio* : Your words enchant me, Hortensio,  
But there is one thing I must know ;  
You say she 's rich in worldly goods,  
But you seem to whistle ere you leave  
the woods.  
As to her birth ? You really have n't said  
A word about it ! *Petrucio* may wed  
A maiden with a wig of almost any hue,  
But when it comes to blood, that must be  
blue.

[*Tranio rushes in.*

*Tranio* : [*Aside.*] 'T would please me much to find  
my master—  
I greatly fear he 's met disaster.  
I followed Miss Bianca down  
And up the street, all over town,  
The while her father formed a plan  
To find an educated man,  
To take Bianca and to teach her—  
Which gives Lucentio a chance to reach  
her.  
I fain would find him, ere the race  
Is so far run he 'll fail to get a place.

[*Exit.*

*Hortensio* : You see, Petrucio, in blood that's blue,  
Katharine is quite as rich as you.

*Petrucio* : Indeed she is. My father knew her dad—  
In fact, Baptista was his "fad"—  
Which, being so, I 'll at once betake  
My way unto his residence. I 'll make  
My most exquisite bow to Kate,  
And tell her that at last my fate  
Is found.

*Hortensio* :                      Good boy, Petrucio ! and now  
I 'll tell thee of Bianca.

*Petrucio* :    How ?

*Hortensio* : Bianca is a younger daughter,  
Not quite so bright and somewhat shorter,  
But, none the less, I think she is disposed  
To look with favor on a scheme proposed  
To her by me some few weeks back,  
By which no more my home shall lack  
A genius of the frailer sort.  
In short, Petrucio, Bianca 's caught.  
Baptista, like a wary dad,  
Makes all Bianca 's suitors sad  
By saying that until this saucy Kate  
Is wed, the other stays within the gate.

*Petrucio* : Aha ! Methinks I see your game :  
You want this Kate to change her name

To mine so that Bianca can  
Become your wife.

*Hortensio :* Yes, that 's the plan,  
But, worse confounded, Bianca's shut  
Beyond the gaze of mortal, but  
I've found a plan by which to reach her—  
Disguise myself and go as teacher !

[*Enter Gremio with Lucentio disguised as a scholar.*]

*Petrucio :* Indeed, Hortensio, I like thy plan,  
If you need assistance I'm your man.  
[*They retire talking.*]

*Lucentio :* [*Aside.*] Thanks to Tranio's timely aid,  
I'm like to see this bonny maid.  
To him my name and clothes I have transferred.  
I go to teach bad Latin to my bird.  
'T is fortunate that while at school  
I learned to parse and scan by rule.  
But we're more like to need a preacher  
If Bianca acts on what I teach her.  
I've pulled the wool o'er Gremio's eyes,  
By writing of myself a note of lies,  
In which I called myself a scholar  
Who'd come to seek the almighty dollar ;  
The old man nibbled at the bait,  
And then he bit—we talked of Kate.

To admire her, I did pretend,  
And promised that my aid I'd lend  
To win the other maid for him,  
And tears of joy his eyes did dim.  
So, when I teach Bianca Greek,  
Yon fool's convinced that I will speak  
Sweet words for him. He thinks he's foxy,  
To do his courting thus by proxy.  
He doesn't dream that I design  
To make Bianca forever mine.

[*Enter Tranio disguised as Lucentio. Biondello, as his servant, follows.*]

*Tranio*: Good friends, Lucentio bids you all good day,  
Canst kindly send him on his way  
To where there dwelleth old Baptista,  
A nobleman, though known as Mister?

*Biondello*: I' faith ye know him well, I guess.  
He has two daughters; come, confess.

*Hortensio*: [*Anxiously.*] What hast thou, sir, to do with these?

*Gremio*: [*Jealously.*] That's so, what hast thou? Tell us, please?

*Petrucio*: [*Nonchalantly.*] Dost seek the maid with rubricated hair?

*Tranio*: I pray you, gentlemen, forbear.

I nothing know of either charming girl,  
But I suppose they worship Duke and Earl,  
And, like all others of their sex,  
Do ever mortal man perplex.  
There 's one of them, I learn of men,  
That has a disposition like cayenne.

*Petrucio* : Yes, kindly drop her from your list,  
I've something of a notion that she'll  
soon be missed.  
For I this day will hasten to her side,  
To ask the maid to be my bride.

*Gremio* : You will? By gad, but this is news  
To drive away the very worst of blues.

*Tranio* : I, too, am very glad to hear  
That Katharine's nuptials may be near,  
For I have read in Pisan papers  
Of Baptista's eccentric capers,  
And, while I've wished no harm to any,  
To see Kate settled would have coaxed a  
penny  
From out my purse—for I'm a suitor  
For Bianca too, and yonder tutor

[*Points to Lucentio.*

I have brought with me to instill  
Her mind with knowledge from the classic  
rill.

*Hortensio*: [*Aside.*] Another suitor? Well, the more  
The merrier for me when courting 's  
o'er.

*Gremio*: [*Aside.*] A third? Indeed the youth is  
silly,  
I'll have the maiden, willy, nilly.  
And he will find the tutor that he's  
brought,  
Will bring his fairest schemes to naught.

[*Winks at Lucentio.*]

*Lucentio*: [*Aside.*] These Paduans seem confident—  
They little think that I their plans will cir-  
cumvent.  
And yonder silly blinking swain,  
How mad he'll be when all's made plain.

*Hortensio*: Well now as Petrucio is going to fix it,  
According to his *ipse dixit*,  
So that we three may have a chance,  
I move we all fall to and dance  
And for our benefactor "set 'em up."  
Hay, landlord, fill the flowing cup.

[*Enter chorus.*]



SONG.

(*Gremio, Hortensio and Lucentio.*)

For, he's going to marry the shrew,

hoo-hoo.

For him we are weeping

Tho' 't is n't in keeping

When looked at from our point of view,

you-you,

For we're feeling exceedingly glad,

And we really do n't mind telling you,

00-00.

If he does n't marry,

### Why then we must tarry

As bachelors all our lives through,

00-00.

A condition excessively sad.

[Chorus.

## The threatened cloud has passed

away

For Kate the curst he'll soon

**convey**

To other fields, where she'll no

more

Engulf our souls in sorrow sore.

So let the cup

Be drained to him

*KATHARINE.*

Who 's taken up

The shrew so grim.

We 'll set our sails and weigh our anchor

And then go in and win Bianca.

So let the cup, etc.

*[Curtain.]*

## ACT II.

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SCENE: The same. A room in Baptista's house.

---

*Enter Katharine, followed by Bianca, gagged and with her hands tied behind her.*

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### SONG.

*Katharine :*

I'm a philanthropic person, be it known,  
With a temper quite sufficient for my clan;  
In the int'rest of humanity alone,  
I fuss and fume about whene'er I can.  
I do it just to please the family;  
It helps the others always to be kind,  
For when they're cross they're sure to think of me,  
And instantly old Satan gets behind.  
Mild as kittens they are ever,  
Both Baptista and my sister;  
Losing temper, never, never.  
Thro' this wicked world they roam,

Eased of many a horrid burden,  
By my wearing anger's guerdon,  
Scheme whose like was never heard on,—  
Harmony is kept at home.

Now, you see, this maiden here beside of me  
I am putting through a little course of sprouts ;  
I delight to see her amiability  
Give way upon occasions to the pouts.  
There is such a thing as having too much of  
The very best the market can afford,  
And by the constant cooing of the dove,  
The turkey-cock quite frequently is bored.  
Mild as kittens, etc.

*Bianca :* See here, you wild, untaméd hag,  
Take off this unbecoming gag,  
And quickly, too, my hands untie !

*Katharine :* Please understand, Bianca, I  
Am cast in this play for the shrew,  
And take no impudence from you.  
A hag ! Forsooth, I 'd rather be  
The veriest witch than like to thee,  
To always smile and mind my papa,  
And ne 'er do aught but what is proper.  
Thy hands I 'll not unfasten till  
Thou tell'st to me just what I will.

*Bianca :* Well, while this gag obstructs my mouth,  
Of information there 's a drouth.

*Katharine :* That shows thy weakness. I would ne'er  
Of talking swift and loud despair,  
E'en though my mouth were covered o'er  
With all the gags in Padua.  
But since thou showest that thou 'rt weak,  
Why, off it comes. Now canst thou speak?  
[Removes the gag.]

*Bianca :* Not if thy speech thou callest speaking,  
I ne'er was given, Kate, to shrieking;  
Your tone of voice please modulate,  
It makes me tired 'bout the pate.

*Katharine :* Abusive quite. But you must say  
Which of these gentlemen to-day  
Has won your heart? I fain would know,  
That I may save him.

*Bianca :* [Angrily.] Save him! Oh!!

*Katharine :* No, temper, fairy. I would save  
These pretty folk, not from the grave,  
But from a life that 's even worse  
Than that which followeth the hearse—  
A life that 's empty, sweet and vapid,  
Forever slow and never rapid—  
A life wherein ambition 's but  
To drag along in sleepy rut.

*Bianca :* Thy husband ne'er would suffer thus,  
With thee around to fume and fuss.

*Katharine :* Again, I'd say to thee, good sister,  
In the family circle of Baptista  
The copyright to temper's mine,  
And I'm going to keep it, I opine ;  
I've told you this quite often now,  
Next time I say it, there'll be a row.

[*Enter Baptista.*

*Baptista :* [*To Bianca.*] What, quarrelling, my pretty  
daughter ?

Now really, dear, you had n't oughter.

*Bianca :* Oh ! father, dear, my hands she tied,  
And o'er my mouth a gag beside,  
Because I said I thought 'twould rain.  
I think that Kate's a female Cain.

*Katharine :* Oh, pretty maid, what lovely prattle—  
Did'st ever hear such tittle-tattle ?  
I may be like young Cain of old,  
But canes have all big heads, I'm told ;  
I may be Cain of ancient fable,  
But you will find I'm ever able  
To lord it over you and father :  
I'm like my mother.

*Baptista :* [*Aside.*] Well, slightly, rather.  
Come, Katharine, come, stop this tirade ;  
Thou'lt die of apoplexy, I'm afraid.

*Katharine* : That 's right ; take yonder sugar plum  
Beneath thy wing—let me be dumb.  
Let her in speech forever free  
Say aggravating things to me.  
The first beginning of our fight  
She has not laid before you right.  
I 'd said I thought the day 'd be bright,  
And she must say 't would rain by night.  
I like not well the intimation  
That I indulge in aberration !

*Bianca* : Well, can 't a girl say what she thinks ?

*Katharine* : Bah ! I could strike thee hard, thou minx.  
[*Chases Bianca from the stage. Baptista stops her.*]

*Baptista* : What ? Would 'st thou strike her with  
thy fist ?

*Katharine* : Yes. Of my notion that 's the gist.

*Baptista* : [*Angrily.*] To raise thy hand against thy  
sister ?

Thou 'rt not a daughter of Baptista.

*Katharine* : If that 's the case, I think to move  
From out thy home it doth behoove  
A maiden who, in spite of all  
Accomplishments doth seem to pall.  
Thou 'ldst have me sit all day and smile,  
Like a painted cat upon a tile !

I tell thee, if thou wantest sweets,  
 Thou 'dst best look around in other streets,  
 From me you 'll never get it. No, sir!  
 Go buy your sugar from your grocer.

[*Flounces out.*]

*Baptista :* Didst ever hear of such a shrew !  
 To think that I have had to do  
 With two like that ! Kate and her ma.  
 It do n't speak well for Padua.

# SONG.

*Baptista :*

Oh, the maids, the maids of Padua,  
 They are pretty, rich and bright ;  
 They conquer the hearts of the young and  
 old

With natural jewels bedight—  
 They 're maids of education all  
 In sciences of the day,  
 They 've but the single failing, that,  
 They always have their way.

They raise the horse-car windows when  
 The snow is on the street ;  
 They close them tightly down, when all  
 Are suffering from the heat ;



They wear small bonnets Sunday morn,  
And high ones at the play,  
Because they 're maids of Padua,  
And always have their way.

I married Katie's mother, for  
I wished to be the head  
Of a family here in Padua.  
But Katie's mother said  
She thought it best that I should on  
The second fiddle play.  
And since the day I married her  
I've never had my way.

[*Enter Gremio with Lucentio dressed as a scholar ;  
Petrucio with Hortensio disguised as a musician,  
and Tranio and Biondello bearing books and a  
banjo.*]

*Gremio* : Methought I heard a cat lift up his voice.

*Petrucio* : A cat, think you ? 'T would not have been  
my choice ;

More like unto the melancholy roar  
Of blatant hucksters on the moor.  
Methinks if old Baptista warbles,  
I'd but give o'er sweet Hymen's baubles.

*Baptista* : Good morrow, Gremio, and you the same.

[*To Petrucio.*]

Mr.—um—ah—pray what's your name ?

*Petrucio* : Petrucio, sir, I was baptized,  
But ofttimes since 't has been revised.  
As Pete I 'm known unto a few,  
While others, still, call me Petru ;  
In college, I was known as Peter.  
Choose thou whatever seems the sweeter,  
And by that name forever known,  
I 'll bow, a suppliant at thy throne.

*Baptista* : [*Aside.*] By Jove, but he 's a pleasant  
fellow,  
A voice he has like to the 'cello,  
Crammed to the full with speech that 's  
sweet,  
And very graceful on his feet.  
[*Aloud.*] Well, sir, I 'm very pleased to  
meet you,  
And, as my guest, I mean to treat you.  
I 'd like to know, however, who  
Was Pa to such a youth as you ;  
You know, in these days, one must be  
Perspicuous about whom he  
Invites to grace his festal board,  
To lose my spoons I can 't afford.

*Petrucio* : Spoons, did'st thou say? Well, I have  
come  
To do some spooning in your home.

A daughter, hast thou, sweet and fair,  
Though slightly tinted 'bout the hair?  
A maid that's amiable and sedate,  
Known to her friends as beauteous Kate?

*Baptista :* I have a daughter, sir, that's red  
To some extent about the head.

*Petrucio :* And mild, sir? I'm informed she is.

*Baptista :* Mild as a cyclone out on biz.

*Petrucio :* Well, to the point. I'm come to win her.

*Baptista :* All right, my boy, just stay to dinner ;  
If, after having sat all through  
A meal with Kate, you still would woo,  
Why, woo ahead. I'll pay expenses.  
But I won't let her go on false pretenses.  
You need n't mind your pedigree,  
If you'll marry Kate, you'll do for me.

*Petrucio :* Oh, as for that, I'm not ashamed  
To say from whom Petrucio's named,  
My father was Antonio.

*Baptista :* What, he? Your father? I want to know.  
Why, he and I together were at school.  
We spent our time in fracturing the rule.  
A good friend he. His memory most  
sweet is.

I'm told he died of spinal meningitis?

*Petrucio :* [*Weeping.*] Alas, dear sir, my father met  
his death

✓

Through stoppage of the heart and want  
of breath.

*Baptista :* Indeed ! How sad ! I 'd no idea  
Such things were fatal.—But whom have  
we here ?

[*Points to Hortensio.*

*Petrucio :* Ah, I 'd forgot. I 've brought a friend  
Who teaches music, arithmetic and zend  
I thought it likely you would want your  
Girls to equal those of Mantua  
In all that pertains to art and science.  
—He graduated last spring at Mayence.

[*Hortensio bows and retires.*

*Gremio :* [*Aside to Petrucio.*] Dost stay to dine,  
Petrucio ?

*Petrucio :* I 've been invited and can't say no.

*Gremio :* What can't be cured must be endured,  
But you 'd better get your life insured.

*Baptista :* I thank thee, Petrucio, for this youth,  
He 'll please the girls, I think, in truth.  
And Gremio, too, a friend has brought

[*Points to Lucentio.*

Who seems to be of the knowing sort.

*Gremio :* Yes, dear Baptista, when you stated  
That you wished Bianca educated

In Latin tongue and ancient Greek,  
I at once set out this youth to seek.  
He knows it all. No language dead,  
But what 's secreted in his head.

[*Presents Lucentio.*

*Baptista* : Ten thousand thanks, I 'm glad to know  
you.

[*To Tranio.*] And you, dear sir, I wish  
to show you

All courtesy, but tell me first,  
Who you may be?

*Tranio* : 'T will be rehearst

As quick as I can give it tongue.  
The suitors of thy child among  
I 've come to take my chances,  
Much gold, I 'd say, my suit enhances.

*Baptista* : Is 't Bianca, or the other—Kate,  
That spurs thee on to know thy fate?

*Tranio* : [*Laughing.*] Kindly excuse my indul-  
gence in laughter.

Bianca 's the daughter Lucentio 's after.  
Not but what Kate is a beautiful daughter,  
But I hardly feel able in style to support  
her.

All things considered, she may be the finer,  
But I 'd hardly dare trust her alone with  
the china.

Now, to help you along in making them  
pat in

Music and Art, Dutch, Spanish and Latin,  
I've brought you this book and this instru-  
ment here,

You can try yon musician. Just sample  
his ear.

*Baptista :* A very good plan. I'll ask the gossoon  
To roll up his sleeves and give us a tune,  
And then with the book I'll indulge in a  
test

Of Gremio's boy in the fanciful vest.

[*To Hortensio.*

Good sir, I prithee take this thing,  
And give us a hymn or a highland fling.

*Hortensio :* Well, really, sir, I'm out of practice. I—

*Baptista :* It makes no difference, take off your hat  
and try. [*Hortensio plays.*

Bravo, my boy. The tune's antique,  
But you have a touch that's quite unique,  
To-night the Marseillaise I'll have you  
play,

In a grand combine with the Boulanger.  
And now, young pedant that knows it all,  
I'd have you answer to my call,  
Take you this book and from its pages  
Give us some gossip of the ancient sages.

*Lucentio*: [*Aside.*] Ye gods! I'd feared 't would come to this.

I'll have to do it, hit or miss.

'T is well I curbed my lover-like impatience,  
And learned by heart some pat quotations.

[*Aloud.*] Just as you wish. I'll not detain you long,

But I'll sing to you a touching Latin song.

SONG.

*Lucentio.*

Arma virumque cano,

Hic haec hoc in veritate,

Trojae qui primus ab O—

Ris in toto et ex parte,

Sic semper tyrannis, amo

Integer vitae, Great Cæsar.

Impune lacessit nemo,

Said the Latin Professor from Pisa.

E pluribus unum, pro tanto

Vade mecum, senectute,

Habeas corpus et canto

Allez-vous en, et tu, Brute,

Argumentum ad hominum, quorum

Gallia omnis divisa,

Mandamus, custos rotulorum,

Quoth the Latin Professor from Pisa.

*Baptista :* Well, such familiarity with a tongue  
forsaken,  
I've ne'er before seen undertaken.  
You gentlemen both satisfy me,  
I'm glad to have such fellows by me.  
Go to the school-room; there you'll find  
the ladies,  
And don't get mad if Katharine raises  
Hades;  
She's apt t' indulge in airy persiflage at  
first,  
And you must bear in mind the maid is  
curst.

[*Exeunt Hortensio, Lucentio and Biondello.*]

*Baptista :* Let's take a turn in the yard a-back,  
Or, if you'd rather, I'll call a hack,  
And show you fellows the city hall,  
And while we're out we'll "ketch a ball."

*Petrucio :* Ah, much obliged—but I don't indulge  
At this time of day—and I'd divulge  
The plan I have, dear sir, in full :  
I find my life is rather dull  
Without a wife to make it gay—  
I want your daughter; come, what do you  
say?

*Baptista :* To tell the truth, I'm very glad,  
But Katharine's temper is pretty bad.



*Petrucio* : Well, I tell you, Baptista, I'm quite a daisy,  
When I get mad I'm fairly crazy.  
I'm mild and sweet and good to look at,  
But I'll lay an Argosy 'gainst a ducat  
That when it comes to temper, I  
Can give Kate points and not half try.

## SONG.

*Petrucio.*

I am the very embodiment  
Of a most outrageous temperament,  
I've every vice that is known to man,  
Who dwells twixt Beersheba and Dan.  
And a few besides peculiar to me,  
Would make you very unwell to see,  
Indeed, dear sir, I grieve to state,  
I'm a most reprehensible reprobate.

To give you a sample of what I be,  
I'll tell a few of my crimes to thee,  
They're crimes that arise from temper  
alone,  
And all of a kind I can never atone.  
I've committed 'em all since coming of age,  
And attribute each one to my terrible rage.  
Indeed, dear sir, I grieve to state,  
I'm a most reprehensible reprobate.

I murdered my cook, the coffee was cold,  
I scalped the scullion who went and told,  
I stabbed my coachman for daring to jest,  
I lynched a valet for wearing my vest.  
I struck my mother, and thrashed my dad,  
For daring to say that they thought me bad.  
Indeed, dear sir, I grieve to state,  
I'm a most reprehensible reprobate.

Now, in confidence, your daughter will  
find,

When she quarrels with me, we're two of  
a kind,

And if she dares disobey, she'll see

She's met her master in M—E, me.

Wife-beating's a crime I've never yet  
tried,

But we'll see how it works on my tem-  
persome bride.

I'm longing, dear sir, I grieve to state,

To be that kind of a reprobate.

*Baptista* : Well, perhaps you'd make a happy pair.  
And you may have her, but I say beware.

[*Crash outside.*]

*Petrucio* : What is that noise? Dost think the  
floor

Has given way? Come, let's explore.

*Baptista* : 'Tis nothing but your *fiancée*.

*Petrucio* : [*Aside.*] I wonder if I'd better stay.

[*Enter Hortensio with broken banjo about his neck. His forehead is bleeding, and he is in a generally disordered state.*]

*Baptista* : What's happened thee, thou look'st so white ?

*Hortensio* : I assure you, sir, it's due to fright.  
I've suffered such a horrid shock  
That I remind myself of a blasted rock.  
Your daughter on my neck did place this collar.

*Baptista* : Indeed ! Dost think she'll prove a scholar ?

*Hortensio* : Well, yes. I think she shows a trace  
Of talent for the drum that's base.  
For music light she's just a bit too rough,  
But for German opera she has the proper stuff.

For music full of noise and bustle,  
Requiring much less ear than muscle,  
The girl's unusually endowed ;  
And I've little doubt she'll please the crowd.

But until I've consulted my physician,  
You'd best employ a new musician.

*Baptista* : Do n't be discouraged. What did Kate do?

*Hortensio* : Not very much. She began like you,  
She asked a tune, whereon I played  
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"Chestnuts," she cried, and seized the  
handle,  
And then the wild, red-headed vandal  
Tore off the bridge, smashed every key,  
Then turned her batteries straight upon  
me;  
Then, as in terror I started to fly,  
She bade me to wait till the clouds rolled  
by.  
To this I retorted with anger and scorn,  
"The school-room is empty, thy teacher is  
gone,"  
When the maid with a laugh to frighten  
the dead,  
Brought the instrument down on the top  
of my head.  
As one of my pupils no longer I'll rank  
her,  
But I'll finish the quarter with lovely  
Bianca.

*Petrucio* : My! what a shrew the maid must be,  
She'll not behave this way with me,

I'll break her proud spirit—Petrucio's  
prophetic—  
And exhibit the girl as the “Maid Mag-  
netic.”

*Hortensio* : 'Tis well to speak thus before you've met  
her ;

I'd like your opinion after you get her.

[*Exit Hortensio.*]

*Baptista* : Well, Peter, my boy, what will you do,  
Go out with us, or tackle the shrew ?

*Petrucio* : I think I'll stay here and rankle the child,  
I'm thoroughly armed in case she gets  
riled,

I have a rattan concealed 'neath my cape,  
And I notice outside there's a fire-escape,  
If I find her too much, I'd like to know  
where

I can call out the forces and summon the  
Mayor.

*Baptista* : All's fixed for you, sonny ; you'll find a  
six-shooter,

That was left here last week by an ambi-  
tious suitor,

On the mantelpiece there, but I hope you  
won't need

To fire it off. I wish you good speed.

*[Starts to go but returns.*

By the way, if you come to the shedding of gore,

Be careful you don't let it drop on the floor.

I've just bought this Brussels. 'T was very expensive,

And spots on the carpet are very offensive.

*Petrucio:* No, no! Fear not. If Kate my plan doth hinder

I'll simply drop her—*[aside]* out the "winder."

*[Exeunt Baptista, Gremio and Tranio.*

And now to gird me for the fray,

So that I m' sure to win the day.

*[Opens the valise and takes out various articles.*

First, here's my cannon and my shot,

A mitrailleuse, a coal that's hot;

A Colt's revolver and a club 'll

Do quite a deal to suppress the trouble.

Then, if she tries to use her fists,

I'll clap these bangles on her wrists,

And Grumio stands out on the green

With a can of nitro-glycerine,

Prepared, the minute he hears me cry,

To blow the whole business into the sky.  
Step up, curst Kate, and toe the mark.  
Let's have it out before 't is dark.

[*Enter Katharine. As she walks across the stage, Petrucio whistles a march, Katharine stops.*]

*Katharine*: Blow, gentle creature, and once again do  
blow,  
It's what we all expect from a bag of wind,  
you know.

*Petrucio*: Ah, Katie, bright at repartee,  
Come, sweet, sit down, I'd speak with thee,  
[*Seizes her arm, she draws away.*]

*Katharine*: To sit by thee? The idea makes me  
tired.

Keep your hands to yourself, or I'll have  
you fired.

*Petrucio*: Fired, did'st say? My heart is already fired  
With love for thee—so much admired.  
Kate, I——

*Katharine*: Miss Baptista is my name.

*Petrucio*: But I'll call you Katie just the same.  
Names are made to call their owners by,  
I'll call you Kate, or know the reason why.  
Kate, from Kateville, I'll indicate you,  
And Kate, I've come to-day to mate you.  
Your father's agreed that I'm your fate,  
So Katharine join the Syndicate.

*Katharine* : 'T is well thou likenest thyself to such,  
With souls such things aren't troubled  
much.

Syndicates, indeed, I've somewhere read,  
Are formed by men with more of gold  
than head.

Then in the hands of one with brains  
The whole is put—and hence the gains,  
A soulless thing like this thou art  
Ingredients : brass the larger part,  
Sadly deficient about the heart,  
And with bravado taking pains  
To cover up thy lack of brains.

*Petrucio* : Spoke like an angel ! yet a soul have I—

*Katharine* : Then use it ! Walk ! Vamoose ! Good-  
bye.

*Petrucio* : I cannot go, sweet Kate, away  
Till you have set our wedding day.

*Katharine* : Our wedding day ? Hee-hee ! I smile,  
You don't get Katharine yet awhile.

#### DUET.

*Katharine* :

My friend, I tell thee thou must get thee  
hence,

*Petrucio* :

Oh, pretty dove.



*Katharine :*

'T were well to go before thou givest  
offence.

*Petrucio :*

Most lovely love.

*Katharine :*

I do not care for such a boorish lover,  
And why you ever came I can't discover,  
About my presence you need not hover.

*Petrucio :*

I think I'll hove.

*Katharine :*

Come sir, begin ! Retreat ! I tell you go !

*Petrucio :*

Fair Kate I sha n't retreat. I tell you so—  
Till I've thine answer, sweet,  
I cannot go.

*Katharine :*

Seek thou yon bustling street !  
I tell you *no* !

*Petrucio,*

Now, dearest, I will never hear a nay—

*Katharine :*

Oh, yes you will.

*Petrucio :*

Unto the question that I've put to-day.

*Katharine :*

Just hear him trill.

*Petrucio :*

So look with favor on Petrucio's wooing,  
And let's begin our billing and our cooing.  
At once refrain from at my words pooh-  
poohing.

*Katharine :*

Be still, be still.

Come, sir, begin, etc., etc.

*Petrucio :* And now one kiss, beloved, ere—

*Katharine :* I'll strike thee down, sir, if you dare.

*Petrucio :* All right, Sullivan. I'll take care.

*Katharine :* Sullivan, say'st thou? Best beware my  
fist!

*Petrucio :* [*To audience.*] The great and only girl  
pugilist.

Step up, ye crowd. Present your dime,  
For the exhibition you're just in time.

*Katharine :* [*Pacing stage.*] Was ever maid insulted  
so before?

*Petrucio :* [*Looking at his watch.*] She'll make  
the mile in 6.44,  
Brace up, Katie, or you'll lose the prize.

*Katharine* : [*Shouting.*] I tell thee, sir, that if thou 'rt  
wise—

*Petrucio* : Sweet Kate, to whisper 's not polite,  
Don't be afraid to speak outright.

[*Katharine, overcome with rage, throws herself on  
divan. Petrucio seats himself beside her and Baptista  
enters with Tranio, Gremio and Grumio.*]

*Baptista* : Well, Petrucio, was thy courting sweet ?

*Petrucio* : Sweet is no name for it. I repeat,  
A lovelier maid I never met.  
Next Sunday is the day she set.  
Then shall we pace the middle aisle  
And wed in the most approvèd style.

*Katharine* : [*Starting up.*] I never in my life have  
said  
I loved a man, much less I'd wed.

*Petrucio* : Nay, but thine eyes for thee have spoken,  
In their "I will" I read the token  
That ere another Sabbath day has  
passed  
With the chaperones thou wilt be classed.

*Katharine* : [*Aside.*] He has such cheek ! 'T would  
take a year to slap it.  
We've reached the climax, I guess I'll  
cap it.

I'll marry him, and make him rue the date  
On which he dared be impudent to Kate.  
His hats of silk I'll ever ruffle up,  
And vitriol I'll put within his shaving cup.  
To sharpen pencils I'll use his razors new;  
I'll fill with tacks his patent-leather shoe;  
His after-dinner coffee I'll serve it barely  
warm,  
And sit serenely by and laugh if he should  
storm.  
And dinner, too, I'll always have some  
sixty minutes late,  
Except when he's detained down-town,  
and then I'll never wait.  
If he shall smile, I'll ask him why  
He's always mad and grumpy. My!  
But my revenge will be so sweet,  
'T will sicken yonder lordly Pete.  
[*Aloud.*] Yes, father, I have thought it  
wise  
To do as you and he advise.  
I've always felt I'd like to own  
A kangaroo, like him—full grown.  
So all the gentleman's addresses  
I've met with most persistent yesses.  
I'll be his bride on Sunday next.  
But I'd have him ponder well this text —

Best hang it o'er his parlor door :  
"When Greek meets Greek, then comes  
the tug of war."

So, then, Petrucio, I bid you *au revoir*  
Till Sunday next. Good-bye, Papa.

[*Exit Kate.*]

*Petrucio* : [*Aside.*] Whence cometh, I wonder, this  
sudden change ?

Ah, lovely woman, thou art ever strange !

[*Aloud.*] Now, father-in-law, with your  
permission to do so,

I'll take a run home and brush off my  
trousseau.

I'll return for the wedding, sir, prompt on  
the hour,

And while I'm away you can fix up the  
dower.

Come, Grumio, mount ; to Verona we'll  
fly

To get things in shape for the sweet by  
and by.

[*Exeunt Petrucio and Grumio.*]

*Tranio* : And now, Baptista, that your eldest's  
gone,

What hast thou to say about the youngest  
born ?

*Gremio :* You said, you know, when Kate was off  
your hands

You would accede to our demands.

Now, of course, you see it's absurd to  
hesitate

Between a man like me, so solid and  
sedate,

And youths like yonder stripling there.

*Tranio :* Come off, old man, with me you can't  
compare.

*Gremio :* Old man, say you? Well, baby I am not,  
But young in spirits am I. And what  
Is more unto the point, I'm crammed  
from top to toe

With experiences and riches and ——

*Tranio :* Go slow, old man, go slow.  
You may be young in spirit. Let's admit  
You've reached your second childhood.  
What of it?

Dost think Bianca in a moment sane  
To wed a gray-beard loon would deign?

*Baptista :* Come, come, my friends, let's have no  
quarrel.

It adorns no tale, and points no moral.

I'll give Bianca to him who bids the most  
Not that I'm a mercenary host,

But that this method's all the fashion,  
And love's no more a sentimental passion,  
Ducats and jewels and lands must be  
Put up for Bianca. C. O. D. ✓

*Gremio:* She's mine, then, for I have ten millions  
in stocks,

And half that amount in my little tin box.  
A Telegraph Co. and a coal mine I own,  
All of which goes to the bone of my bone.

*Tranio:* You pauper! I thought, when you bragged  
of your stores,

You had nothing less than government  
fours.

Your Telegraph Co. is all water—unsound,  
While your mine is no more than a hole  
in the ground.

Your stocks! What are they? You  
know to your sorrow,

Ten millions to-day, and worthless to-  
morrow.

But I, I'm a holder of half of the trust  
That's worked up a scheme to make  
nutmegs of dust,

I've a third of the stock in a base-ball  
concern,

And ten dollars a week, besides what I  
earn.

*Gremio :* Well, I own a franchise for a line of tram cars

To run all the way from Saturn to Mars,  
I'm selling the stock at 10 below par,  
And I have n't yet bought a rail or a car.

*Tranio :* My Governor's richer than that aged  
swaggerer,  
He owns a hack route at the Falls of  
Niagara.

And hell give it to her who marries his  
son.

Beat that if you can.

*Gremio :* I can't. I'm undone.  
But I do not believe your daddy could  
part  
With such a soft snap without breaking  
his heart.  
And before Mr. B. hands Bianca to you  
Your father should give him his Ego O. U.

*Baptista :* Lucentio's beaten you. That I declare ;  
The hack route means riches beyond all  
compare.  
But you're right in believing his father  
ought to  
Secure me by giving his Ego O. U.



So, Lucentio, go you, and cable your dad,  
And tell him about this talk that we've  
had,

And if by mail returning he send back  
An undivided interest in the hack,  
To you Bianca straightway goes,  
But otherwise she's Gremio's.

[*Enter male chorus.*]

But say, good friends, I think the youth  
Who's taken Kate will find forsooth,  
His hands are full as full can be—  
But I warned him off. He can't blame me.

*Tranio:* I like Petrucio, and the chances of the  
morrow,  
For him have filled my soul with sorrow.

### SONG AND CHORUS.

When he's married to the shrew,  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
He'll be feeling pretty blue,  
Tarantara.

And beneath the maiden's thumb,  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
He'll eventually come,  
Tarantara.

He will find the wisest plan,  
Tarantara, tarantara,

Is to be a meek young man,  
Tarantara,  
And regret that he has wed  
One who 's been so badly bred,  
One who 's been so badly bred.

Yes, indeed, we all agree,  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
That he speedily will see,  
Tarantara,  
That his shrewish *fiancée*,  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
Has a temper classed as A,  
Tarantara.  
In hot water all the time,  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
He 'll be driven straight to crime,  
Tarantara,  
By the damsel he has wed,  
Who has been so badly bred,  
Who has been so badly bred.

[*Curtain.*

## ACT III.

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SCENE: The same. Salon in Baptista's house. The curtain rising discloses the maids of the household dusting furniture. They come forward and sing.

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### OPENING CHORUS.

Bianca's as fair as the month of May,  
Bianca's as sweet as the sugar plum,  
But Katharine's like to the bleak March day,  
When the roaring winds begin to hum.

Bianca, the sweet,  
Is the pet of us all;  
But Kate, we repeat,  
On our feelings doth pall.

#### *First Maid:*

Every day Bianca asks  
That we set about our tasks  
With her pretty lips a-smiling  
In a manner most beguiling.

*Second Maid :*

But that other girl's a shrew,  
And I'll whisper it to you,  
That we all bewail the fate  
Of the youth that marries Kate.

*All :*

For Katharine's like to the bleak March day,  
When the roaring winds begin to hum,  
But Bianca is like to the brightness of May,  
And sweet is the maid as the sugar plum.  
Bianca, the sweet,  
Is the pet of us all,  
And Kate, we repeat,  
On our feelings doth pall.

*[Enter Bianca, followed by Hortensio and Lucentio.]*

*Bianca* · Good morrow, maidens. Up with the lark?  
You'd best withdraw into the Park;  
Nor need'st thou feel the slightest pique  
Because I ask thee thus to leave me.  
You see, I'm going to study Greek  
Unless these gentlemen deceive me.  
'T would be unpleasant if a dunce  
I should appear, so go at once.

[*Smiles, the Chorus dance out, singing :*

Bianca's as fair as the month of May,  
Bianca's as sweet as a sugar plum,  
etc., etc.

*Bianca :* Now, let me see, where do we begin,  
I think 't was Cæsar we were in.

*Lucentio :* 'T was Virgil that we got as far as ;  
I think, to-day we 'll grapple Horace.  
[*Hortensio tunes up.*  
See here, old twanger, suppose you cut  
that short ;  
This hour by me Bianca's to be taught.

*Hortensio :* Taught, did'st thou say? Thy Latin is  
absurd ;  
Indeed, its like I ne'er before have heard.  
Thou told'st her *Gravis ira regnum semper*  
Meant, the Regent has a frightful temper,  
While *Arma virumque cano*, said you,  
Meant freely, to paddle one's own canoe.  
Methinks that, should I tell her dad  
Just how thou teachest yonder maid,  
Enough of thee he'd say he'd had,  
And bounce thee o'er the balustrade.

*Bianca :* Oh, Licio, hush ! This wordy war  
I beg thee to at once give o'er.

Once father bought a bird to sing,  
A parroquet,  
He called his pet.  
But, when it talked, he took the thing  
And wrung its neck. From this, 't were  
well to learn,  
That you for music and not for speech  
should yearn.  
Thou cam'st to teach me harmony, its art,  
But naught but discord hast thou at thy  
heart.

*Lucentio :* I tell thee, minstrel, were there not ladies  
here  
I'd box thee soundly on thine ear—  
An ear that for a donkey would pass  
muster ;  
But for the Muse, it must disgust her.  
Thy hands spread o'er the banjo in a way  
Suggestive of the vile octopus.  
And violets sweet, I heard thee say,  
Of Mozart was the magnum opus.

*Bianca :* I prithee, gentlemen, if you wish to fight,  
'T were best that you should do it right.  
I'll sound the gong and all my servants call  
To form a ring out in the hall,  
You neither of you, I am sure,  
Would spoil Papa's new furniture.

*Hortensio* : Sweet maid, with one as low as that  
I ne'er would fight.

[*Aside to Lucentio.*] You villain ! Scat !!

*Lucentio* : Mademoiselle, a man of high degree,  
Howe'er reduced, would ne'er agree  
To war with yonder vain upstart.

[*Aside to Hortensio.*] Next time we meet  
I'll break thy heart.

*Bianca* : I'm glad you both disclaim a row.  
I think I'll take my Latin now.

[*To Hortensio.*] Please to retire to yon-  
der gilded chair,  
When I'm through with Latin I'll meet  
you there.

Now, professor dear, trot out your ode,  
For love of poetry I could just explode.

*Lucentio* : Fain would I the contract undertake,  
In Latin songs of love to teach thee ;  
At home I've left my Horace, by mistake,  
For which *faux pas* forgive me, I beseech  
thee.

From memory I will at once recite  
An ode of Cæsar, if I remember right.

*Bianca* : 'T will do as well, and so begin, professor.

*Lucentio* : [*Reciting.*] Ad libitum, ave imperatrix,  
intercessa,

Inter hoc, praeterea nihil misa,  
Which means that I 'm direct from Pisa,  
Pons asinorum, ipse dixit, Brutus,  
Rara avis mihi Gyascutus.  
In other words, Bianca, he who now doth  
    hover  
About thy presence is no tutor,  
But one who is thine ardent lover,  
With heart and soul most fervent suitor.

*[Hortensio creeps up from the rear, Lucentio notes  
his approach and resumes:]*

Ahem, Lucus-er-a non lucendo,  
Malus pudor, Gallici loquendo,  
Nom de plume fideleter décrévi,  
Ante-bellum, saevi, pavi, navi.  
*[Aside.]* I 'm blest if I can think of any  
    other rhyme,  
But what 's the odds, the maid must know  
    that I 'm  
Here not to teach her aught but love for me.

*Bianca:* Just what thou drivest at, I cannot see.

*Lucentio:* *[Aside.]* She cannot see! Oh, shall I  
    dare?  
Is 't well to speak, or had I best beware?



## DUET:

BIANCA AND LUCENTIO.

*Lucentio :*

Shall I dare to tell this maiden  
Who and what, from whence I am?  
Is it prudent to acknowledge  
That in me she sees a sham?

*Bianca :*

Why this murmuring, do tell,  
Tell me what you would conceal.

*Lucentio :*

Ah, she notes my agitation,  
Shall I tell her what I feel?  
Shall I dare to tell this maiden  
Who and what, from whence I am?  
Is it prudent to acknowledge  
That I am an arrant sham?

*Bianca :*

He's concealing something dreadful,  
Something horrible, from me,  
Tho' I'm dying most to hear it,  
I will never let him see.

*Lucentio :*

Some information, love, I seek.

*Bianca :*

I'll gladly give it you, so speak.

*Lucentio :*

Let us suppose I were no Latin tutor,  
Let us suppose I were a lordly suitor,  
Let us suppose I were no mean civilian,  
Let us suppose I were a Ducal villian,  
Let us suppose my poverty a lie,  
Let us suppose my being all awry,  
    Could you, my own,  
    This fault condone ?

*Bianca :*

What an idea !  
Altho' I knew you to be rich,  
Regard would soon my heart bewitch ;  
It is not want doth love inspire,  
'T is after riches I aspire.

*Lucentio :*

And yet, I've often heard it stated  
Those who feel thus are badly mated.

*Bianca :*

Oh, never fear.

*Lucentio :*

With hallowed joy  
My heart doth cloy.  
Her heart 't would bewitch  
To know me rich ;  
For 't is not want that love inspires,  
And after riches the maid aspires.

*Lucentio :* Bianca, candidly, I 'm but a youth  
From Pisa's walls, to speak the truth,  
Who 'd fain instruct thee in the arts of  
Cupid.

*Bianca :* Oh, now I see. How *could* I be so stupid ?

*Lucentio :* The man who 's called Lucentio  
Is but my valet, Tranio.  
'T is love for thee alone has brought me  
here.

Be kind to me and bid me call thee " Dear."

*Bianca :* Hush, gentle sir, for Licio may catch on,  
He sniffs a rodent. We 'll talk of this anon.  
[*Aloud.*] I fear I do not like thy Latin  
vile.

[*To Lucentio.*] I 'll meet thee at two  
down by the stile,

Where we our lesson will resume,

[*Aloud.*] For Licio now you must make  
room.

*Lucentio* : Thou hast done well, fair pupil mine ;  
School will begin again at nine.  
[*To Bianca.*] And at the stile we'll talk  
of love,  
You'll find me there at quarter of.

[*Exit. Hortensio tunes up and begins to sing*  
"*A Wandering Minstrel I*"]

*Bianca* : [*Interrupting.*] Kindly musician, give us  
a rest ;  
That tune's more or less of a nut from  
the chest ;  
I'd prefer to begin with a polka or waltz,  
Just as a flyer, likewise to see,  
Whether mine auricle's true or is false ;  
Tune up the banjo and strike the key.

*Hortensio* : Fairest Bianca, does not your heart betray  
That I'm no professor of this art ?  
Hast thou no notion of what I'd say ?  
If thou hastest not, thou hast no heart.

*Bianca* : Strange words are these—a heart I hast,  
And one that beateth exceeding fast ;  
But, to speak the truth, I greatly fear  
It's more my pearly pinky ear  
That proclaims thee deficient in that art  
Which Pa has hired thee to impart.

*Hortensio* : But, lovely maid, look in these eyes  
And tell me whom you recognize.

*Bianca* I know you not—I never saw before  
One like to thee, nor would I deign,  
Had I the luck to see thee first,  
To look upon thy like again.

*Hortensio* : Bianca ! Thy words cut to the quick.

*Bianca* : You 'd best go home, if you 're feeling sick,  
I 'll take my music lesson later.  
You go. I 'll make it right with Pater.

*Hortensio* : I cannot leave thee, dear, till I  
Have taught to thee some dainty tune ;  
What shall it be, " Sweet Bye and Bye,"  
Or we 're " Wide Awake, Me and the  
Moon " ?

*Bianca* : No, thanks. I care for neither now.  
Thy music, Licio, makes me think  
Of a song on which once died the cow  
It really makes my spirits sink.

[*She turns away*]

*Hortensio* : Bianca, hear me ere I go,  
Let me whisper to you who I am.  
Bianca, dearest, I 'm Hortensio,  
I 'm here to woo you——

*Bianca* : Do n't be a clam.  
You 're not Hortensio. Hortensio's cheek

Of whiskers 's as innocent as mine own,  
Whilst thou resemblest that female freak  
Who as the bearded lady 's known.  
Come, come ; in Padua we never foster  
A patent, self-confessed impostor.

*Hortensio* : [ *Tearing beard from his face.* ] It needs  
but this to prove the truth,  
Perhaps you 'll not believe me now ?

*Bianca* Forsooth,  
I knew you were Hortensio from the first,  
And from mirth suppressed I thought I 'd  
burst.  
Thou looked'st so funny with thy tawney  
beard,  
Indeed, Hortensio, you were positively  
weird.  
And now I 'll skip the song and ballad,  
Thy music fails t' impress me ;  
I must prepare the chicken salad,  
And for the wedding dress me.

*Hortensio* : But won't you hear me ? Won't you,  
sweet, consider ?  
If you do n't accept me now, I know a  
"widder"  
With seven children, who 'd like to marry.

*Bianca* : Go seek her out ; with me no longer tarry.



*Katharine*: So, now you see, you've made a pretty mess,

The wedding day has come, I've made my dress;

The Roman Catering Co. has sent ice-cream for twenty,

Of jellies, patés, cakes and wines there's plenty.

All, all is ready to consummate your plan  
Save one essential thing—and that's the man.

*Baptista*: Come now, my daughter, just suppose you wait,

He is n't due till nine, and it's only half-past eight.

*Katharine*: Well, what's half an hour for a man to prink,

When of taking such a step he's on the brink?

I've heard of brides with traveling dresses,

But men ne'er wear 'em.

*Baptista*: I must confess, his

Absence worries me a bit; but I'm

Convinced that he'll be here in time.

[*Enter servant.*



And if he does n't come, why, you may run  
Straight to a convent, and become a nun.

*Katharine* : Thanks, good papa. There's none of  
that for me.

My ambition points to life that's free.

If Petrucio don't come, I'll go and find  
him,

By his promises to me I mean to bind him.  
With maids like me he'll find he cannot  
trifle,

I'll get him into church if it takes a rifle.

*Similia similibus curantur*,

Is a proverb that he'll hear instanter.

And with a gun beside the altar,

We'll find this smooth bore will not falter.

[*To servant.*] Well, sirrah, what's wanted  
with thy betters?

*Servant* : Please, mum, I've brought your father's  
letters.

*Baptista* : For me? Ah, thanks. H'm, this one's  
a bill.

What's this? Petrucio doth write? I  
fear he's ill.

It reads : "Dear sir : I've been detained  
Two hours upon the road. It rained.

The roads are heavy and I'm late,

But please inform my darling Kate

I'll meet her at the church at ten.  
Petrucio. P. S.—Excuse my pen."

*Katharine* : I will not go, so there ! But stay,  
If I should decide to remain away,  
I'd never get the chance again  
To turn upside down that lion's den.  
I think, upon the whole, I'll go,  
And make him wish I'd answered No.  
Come, father, harness up the shay,  
I'll go prepare me for the fray.

[*Exit*

*Baptista* : There's that within that maiden's eye  
To make me heave a gentle sigh  
Of sorrow for Petrucio ;  
But he would do it, so let it go.

[*Enter Tranio as Lucentio.*

*Tranio* : Ah, sir Baptista, I find thee here ;  
I've just seen Petrucio on the square,  
He's slightly out of mind, I fear,  
Ill-dressed, dishevelled as to the hair.  
His wedding garments of composite sort,  
A long-tailed coat, his trousers short,  
An old silk hat with battered crown,  
Surtout, a Dolly Varden gown  
That once his mother wore, I wis.  
'T is most disgraceful to dress like this !

*Baptista :* Clothes, Lucentio, the man do n't make,  
And I beg of you for Heaven 's sake,  
Do n't speak a word of this to Kate,  
Let her find it out at the altar 's gate.

*Tranio :* A father's wishes I must e'er respect.

*Baptista :* Also thine own. You should reflect,  
If aught should hinder Katharine 's wedding,  
Some bitter tears you 'd soon be shedding,  
For vows must be kept, and I have said  
Till Kate 's off my hands, Bianca sha n't  
wed.

*Tranio :* Then shall a silence o'er Lucentio come,  
Beside which th' asylum of the deaf and  
the dumb  
Shall seem like a Bedlam. But hist !  
here 's the bride,  
She comes like the lightning, by Ajax  
defied.

[*Enter Katharine with hat on.*

*Katharine :* Now, am I ready. Come, let's to the  
church,  
Would'st have me leave my lord in the  
lurch ?  
With thee to the chapel, dear pa, I 'll ride,  
Ne'er to return save as a bride.

My pretty groom, you 'll soon regret this deal,

From this day forth thy home is Sheôl.

[*Exeunt Katharine and Baptista.*]

*Tranio* : Well, as I said before, I'm sorry for the groom,

In my opinion humble, he's met his doom.

[*Enter Biondello.*]

Ah, I'm glad to see thee, Biondello,

For a bit of work I have, you are just the fellow,

'T is quite important for our plan  
That you should get some aged man  
To act as daddy for me to-day,  
A daddy must be had without delay.

Our master's doing well, but Bianca's bent

On getting first her pa's consent,  
Which he withholds from me until  
He's had a glance at father's will ;  
The will itself would do, but I had rather  
You looked about and secured a father.

*Biondello* : I greatly fear we have n't time

To work that festive sham ;

How would it do to stoop to crime,  
And forge a telegram ?

*Tranio :* First rate, my boy. Take the first train,  
Rush up to Pisa and send the message,  
Then come quickly back again ;  
Here 's the money to pay expressage.  
I 'll write the telegram.

[ *Writes.* ]

“ Lucentio : Padua,  
Take the hack route. I 'm very glad you  
are  
Likely to win the lovely Bianca ;  
Her father, I hear, is a prosperous banker.  
If there 's anything else you want very bad  
Do n't fail to write to your loving Dad.”  
There, Biondello. Do n't delay a second

*Biondello :* This is a business on which I never reck-  
oned,  
But, gracious Scott, I 'd do most anything  
for master.

[ *Exit.* ]

*Tranio :* And now I 'd best go find the Pastor.  
We 'll have a wedding ere Sol doth down-  
ward sally.

[ *Noise without.* ]

But what 's this ? Grumio ? Petrucio's  
valet !

[ *Enter Grumio, followed by Chorus.* ]

Well, sirrah, what news is't thou hast brought?

Is the wedding finished? Are the cuckoos caught?

*Grumio:* Well, I should smile! That wedding was unique.

I've travelled o'er the world, seen many a freak,

But I'll be bound there never yet has been  
A marriage which for this would be the twin.

*Tranio.* Indeed! What happened? Did the couple fight?

*Grumio:* They did, my Lord. It was a sight.  
When Katharine saw Petrucio dressed  
like a tramp,

She vowed she would n't wed, and started  
to decamp;

But he, the meanwhile, had locked the  
swinging doors;

The lioness was caught: the church rang  
with her roars.

Then master started to lead her to the  
altar,

While the organ played a few selections  
from the psalter;

The lady roundly swore the engagement  
she would cancel,  
While Petrucio gave orders to have her  
carried to the chancel ;  
And when the Bishop asked her if she 'd  
have Petrucio,  
The maiden bellowed forth a most deci-  
sive No,  
Whereat the groom waxed angry and  
ventured on the guess  
That Katharine was confused and meant  
to tell the Bishop yes ;  
He added, too, that if the knot in ten min-  
utes was n't tied,  
He'd warm the Bishop's jacket if they  
ever met outside,  
Which scared the prelate so he pro-  
nounced them man and wife,  
To love, obey and honor for the balance  
of their life.

[ *Trumpets and drums without.*

But stay, methinks I hear the party coming,  
With trumpets tramping and the drum-  
mers drumming.

[*Bridal march, during which enter  
Katharine, Petrucio, Bianca, etc., etc.*]

*Petrucio*: [*Throwing himself on divan.*] Well,  
Katharine dear, we're wed at last,  
The Bishop's tied the knot so fast  
We can't untie it. I've promised to cherish  
thee to-day,  
Whilst thou must love, and honor, and  
—ahem—obey.

*Baptista*: Yes, darling, with all his earthly goods  
he's thee endowed,  
A fact of which you've reason to be proud.  
And since he's been so very kind,  
The least that you can do's to mind.

*Bianca*: Dear sister, now you're married, I advise  
Do n't let your horrid temper rise,  
And if of trouble you would e'er be rid,  
Just always do what you are bid.

*Katharine*: I pray thee, cut this business short,  
To mind a man is not my sort;  
He'll find before we're wed a day,  
I'll love and honor maybe, he'll obey.

*Petrucio*: All right, my dear, do as you will,  
But now for home we must be starting,  
The horses wait down by the hill,  
The hour has come for our departing.



*Baptista* : What ! Must thou go before the spread ?

*Katharine* : I will not go.

*Petrucio* : You must.

*Lucentio* : [*Aside.*] Well said.

*Petrucio* : I regret to say that go we must,  
So without words you will please to dust,  
Hi, Grumio, the horses.

*Grumio* : All right, my Lord.

*Katharine* : I tell thee, sir, I will not go one step  
toward  
Your home this day, nor to-morrow either.  
And I shan't after that till I'm ready,  
neither.

*Baptista* : Listen to reason, Petrucio ;  
We've got the Roman Catering Co.  
To furnish the supper ; stay and be fed ;  
The covers cost forty-two ducats per head.

*Katharine* : Do n't mind him, papa. No one wants him  
to stay,  
He can go without me.

*Grumio* : The devil, you say.

*Petrucio* : No, ladies and gentlemen, I do n't care to  
eat,  
And Katharine there must go, I repeat ;  
I have means to enforce the laws I enact,  
'T is the power of wealth.

[*Takes coin from pocket and addresses it.*]

Demonstrate the fact !

[*Drops ducat into slot at right. Trap opens. Messengers run in and sing :*

### MESSENGERS' CHORUS :

|| Tick-tick, tick-tick, ||  
     The telegraph quick  
 || Tick-tick, tick-tick, ||  
     Cries click, click, click.  
 || Tick-tick, tick-tick, ||  
     Your call we hear,  
 || Tick-tick, tick-tick, ||  
     We soon appear,  
 We quickly answer you whene'er your  
     click we hear.

Perhaps you will forgive our saying,  
 In our course of roundelaying,  
     Messenger boys are we,  
     Straight from A. D. T.  
 If you wish a message sent,  
 Call on us to that extent ;  
 If you wish to man a yacht,  
 Drop a ducat in the slot.

Drop a ducat, wait an hour,  
And you 'll recognize our power.  
You will be astonished quite  
At the greatness of our might.

*Katharine :*

'T is very true, dear boys,  
But your presence here annoys,

*Boys :*

Tick-tick, etc.

|| Click-click, click-click, ||

Pray tell us why

|| Click-click, click-click, ||

You signify

|| Click-click, click-click, ||

You 'd have us near,

|| Click-click, click-click, ||

And why we 're here,

We ask you, quickly tell us why you 'd  
have us here.

Again you will forgive our saying,

In our course of roundelaying,

Messenger boys are we,

Straight from A. D. T.

If a maid would be escorted,

Taken to the play or courted,

Call a cab or luncheon hot,  
Drop a ducat in the slot.  
Drop a ducat, wait an hour,  
And you 'll recognize our power.  
You will be astonished quite  
At the greatness of our might.

*Katharine :*

'T is very true, my boys,  
But your presence here annoys.

*Boys :*

Click-click, etc.

*Petrucio :* Now, my boys, where is your ticket,  
Put on the stamp—here, Grumio, lick it.

*Katharine :* [*Aside.*] What horrid measure is this he  
takes,  
My heart sinks low—my left knee quakes.

*Baptista :* Ye gods ! what pow'r doth he invoke,  
This horrid weapon surpasseth joke.

*Petrucio :* Take thou yon lady with auburn hair,  
Remove her at once to the realms below,  
Place her right-side up with care  
On the old white horse by the portico.

*Katharine :* Horror ! The minions of corporate power  
I cannot resist. Oh, direful hour !

[*Messengers surround her.*]

This once, Petrucio, to thy will I yield,  
But none the less thy doom is sealed.  
Far in the wilds beyond the wires' domain,  
Thy Katharine's nails will grow again.  
Lead on, fair youths, thy prisoner will go ;  
Please ask the orchestra to fiddle soft and  
low.

## CHORUS :

|| Tick-tick, tick-tick, ||  
The telegraph quick,  
|| Tick-tick, tick-tick, ||  
Goes click, click, click, etc., etc.  
[*Curtain.*

## ACT IV.

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SCENE I. Street outside of Padua.

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*Enter Grumio and Petrucio mounted on donkeys and  
Katharine on a white horse.*

---

TRIO :

*Grumio :*

As we ambled along through the broad avenue,  
My little nag strangely stumbled,  
And the first thing that he knew, or she knew, or I  
knew,

Straight over his head I tumbled.  
I fell on my head, and injured my brain,  
I busted my saddle, and fractured the rein ;  
The whole thing was due, as a matter of course,  
To the red-headed girl on the old white horse.

*Petrucio :*

We 've driven thro' pasture, thro' village, thro' town,  
We 've never before suffered trouble,  
My charger 's done nothing this trip but fall down,  
Uncertain he 's been as a bubble.

He's kicked all the boys, and lost all his shoes,  
And on both of my shins he's implanted a bruise;  
But the whole thing is due, as a matter of course,  
To the red-headed girl on the old white horse.

*Katharine :*

They've both lost their tempers. Petrucio swore,  
And Grumio's lost all the baggage;  
Such treatment outrageous I've ne'er had before.  
My steed here belongs to the lag age.  
I'm weary and worn, I'm sad and depressed,  
And tired of hearing the opinion expressed  
That our troubles are due, as a matter of course,  
To a red-headed girl on an old white horse.

*Petrucio and Grumio :*

Now, we beg of you all to heed what we say,  
Bear ever in mind this moral:  
Beware of the horse with hair that is gray,  
And the maid with a bang that is sorrel.  
For it happens eight times in every nine  
That trouble will follow this little combine.  
Why, even this song is due to the course  
Of a red-headed girl on an old white horse.

*[Exeunt, Petrucio to left, Grumio to right.]*

*Katharine :*

Now, I beg of you all to heed what I say,  
Bear ever in mind this moral :  
Be kind to the horse with hair that is gray,  
And the maid with a bang that is sorrel.  
It happens nine times in every ten  
That our troubles arise from those creatures called men.  
And naught for ill luck can ever surpass  
A very fresh boy on an old jackass.

[*Enter Petrucio and Grumio, and exeunt all together. Two strikes of the bell. Enter Lucentio.*]

*Lucentio :* Here is the stile, the clock strikes two,  
Here am I come the maid to woo.  
How fair she looked to-day, whilst I  
My ignorance of Latin strove to hide.  
Thrice happy thought it was to try  
To win so beautiful a bride.  
To think 't was but by chance I met her  
And then improved it so 's to get her !

[*Enter Tranio.*]

*Tranio :* My lord, the matter's all arranged,  
Unless our plans become deranged.

*Lucentio :* Hast thou her father's yes obtained ?

*Tranio :* Not yet, but shortly 't will be gained.



I've sent Biondello off by rail,  
To send a telegram to me,  
'Pon reading which he cannot fail  
To give consent.

*Lucentio :* I see, I see.

*Tranio :* But look, my lord. Bianca comes,  
Imprudent girl, without her gums.  
I'll wait without, and whistle if  
Aught of danger I chance to sniff.

*[Exit Tranio right, enter Bianca left.]*

*Lucentio :* At last I see thee, dearest one,  
All by thy lovely self—alone.  
No musician near, with twanging string,  
To mar the song of love we sing.

*Bianca :* Oh, how you startle me, good sir,  
I'm really most too scared to stir ;  
I never thought I'd meet you here.  
Ha ! ha ! What a ridiculous idea.

*Lucentio :* Never thought ? Do maidens ever think ?  
They lure a man up to the brink—

*Bianca :* *[Naïvely.]* And then ?

*Lucentio :* *[Sternly.]* They drive him straight to  
drink.

*Bianca :* *[Pouting.]* I'm sorry that you think we  
girls  
Are wholly bad.

*Lucentio :* *[Aside.]* Ye gods ! What curls !

*Bianca :* I 'm sure I 'm one of those who think  
It wrong to drive a man to drink ;  
I never did it, and hope I never will.

*Lucentio :* Sit still, my aching heart, sit still.

*Bianca :* There was a man I knew, 't was said  
He looked upon the cup when red,  
Because I said I would n't wed ;  
My conscience did not feel the sin,  
Because, before he popped the rebus,  
He 'd spend his time in drinking gin  
From dewy dusk to frisky Phœbus.  
'Mongst all my friends there never was a  
duller,

And if he chose to change the color  
Of the drink he drank from white to red  
Because I did not care to wed,  
I do n't feel that I 'm much to blame,  
For he 'd have got there just the same.

*Lucentio :* How slang becomes those cherry lips,  
As o'er them merrily it trips.

*Bianca :* [*Impatiently.*] Our time is short. What  
hast to say ?

I can't remain here, sir, all day !

*Lucentio :* List to my song, thou angel straight from  
heaven.

[*To leader of Orchestra.*] The tune is on  
page sixty-seven.

## DUET.

*Lucentio :*

Prithee, pretty maiden, did you ever dream

(Hey, but I'm doleful willow, willow, waly !)

That the things before you are seldom what they seem ?

Hey willow, waly, O !

Beggar's garb may cover

Rich and handsome lover,

Hey willow, waly O !

*Bianca :*

Gentle sir, I think I easily can see,

Hey, that you're doleful willow, willow waly !

That some things there are, not all they seem to be.

Hey willow, waly O !

Garb of serf or slave, sir,

May conceal the brave, sir,

Hey willow, waly O !

*Lucentio :*

Prithee, pretty maiden, would you marry such ?

(Hey but I'm hopeful, willow, willow, waly !)

If of love and ducats he had over much ?

Hey willow, waly O !

Let me hear your yes, dear,

Straightway do confess, dear,

Hey willow, waly O !

*Bianca :*

Gentle sir, I'd marry you without a single cent,

*Lucentio :*

(Hey but I'm happy, willow, willow waly !)

*Bianca :*

If you'll get Baptista to give us his consent,

*Lucentio :*

Hey willow, waly O !

*Bianca :*

Get Papa's aye, aye, dear,

And I'll be your bride, dear,

*Both :*

Hey willow, waly O !

[ *Whistle without. Enter Tranio.*

*Tranio :* Baptista's coming on the jump,  
Get thee behind yon oaken stump.  
'T were well to hide, for he's slightly blue,  
And might not be pleased at the sight of  
you.

[ *Bianca and Lucentio retire behind  
tree. Enter Baptista.*

*Baptista :* Ah, Lucentio, what dost thou here ?  
Thou find'st us pretty dull, I fear.

*Tranio :* Oh no, my lord, I'm waiting for some  
news—  
From Pisa, sir. I've got no time to lose.

For Gremio swears, unless I hear to-day  
From father about the hack,  
You'll let him take the maid away,  
My outlook's getting black.

*Baptista :* I'm sorry, friend. I like you more than  
t' other,

But I made a promise to Bianca's mother  
To see her wed to none but Cræsus—  
With ducats, lands, and shares, and leases.  
To break that promise would enchant me,  
But if I did, her ghost would haunt me.

*Tranio :* Ah, here's a messenger. Hi, boy!

District Telegraph, ahoy!

This way. [*Enter Messenger.*

For whom hast thou the gram?

*Boy :* Are you Lucentio?

*Tranio :* I am.

[*Takes message and tears it open.*

Excuse me. It reads: "Lucentio, Padua,  
Take the hack route. I'm very glad you  
are

Likely to win the lovely Bianca.

Her father, I hear, is a prosperous banker.  
If there's anything else you want very bad,  
Do n't fail to write to your loving Dad.  
Dear old Pop, I knew he'd come to time.

*Baptista :* Does he always correspond in rhyme?

*Tranio* : I prithee pardon if I importune  
About thy child? I 'd like the wedding  
soon.

*Baptista* : [*Looking at message.*] This may be  
forged. I fail to see  
Wherein I have a guarantee—

*Tranio* : [*Impatiently.*] 'Tis daddy's writing, I'll  
attest.

*Baptista* : Then set your fears, dear sir, at rest,  
No more about the maid palaver,  
I give my word, Lucentio may have her.

[*Exit right with Tranio. Bianca throws her arms about Lucentio's neck as they emerge from behind tree. Orchestra plays "Willow, Willow, Waly" as they cross stage and exeunt.*]

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SCENE II. Room in Petrucio's house. Enter Cooks.

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### COOKS' CHORUS:

Oh, we are six jolly, jolly ruffians,  
So very bad, we 're sinning all the time.  
We 've worked for all the very best Italians  
And our chief delight consists in horrid crime.

We've been employed by pope and royal family,  
By the Cæsars and Lucretia Borgia, too.  
We've driven many a mortal man to lunacy  
With our very tasty Prussic Acid Stew.

Who's responsible for all the indigestion  
That is rife to-day in sunny Italy?  
If you really wish an answer to the question  
We do n't hesitate to give it to you: WE!

When you chance to read of any horrid accident,  
Whereby an aged person came to die,  
It's ten to one this pleasant little incident  
Was caused by eating our ar-senic pie.

Of poisoned fruits and cake we make a specialty,  
Prussic acid pudding, paté of strychnine,  
Chloroform or arsenic in fricassee,  
And a bun that's chiefly made of Paris green.

*[Loud noise and shouting without*

For we are six jolly, jolly ruffians,  
So very bad we're sinning all the time,  
Who've worked for all the very best Italians  
And whose chief delight consists in horrid crime.

*[Enter Grumio.*

*Grumio* : Hi! what's this noise? You'd best be quiet,  
The master's come and likes not riot.  
He's just been married and ain't feeling happy,  
For he's wed a shrew that's somewhat snappy,

*Petrucio* : [*Without.*] Hey, Grumio. Grumio, where have you gone?

*Grumio* : Illustrious Waverley! As sure as I'm born,  
I'd sooner take part in a railroad disaster  
Than go outside there and tackle the master.

[*Enter Petrucio, whip in hand. Katharine follows.*]

*Petrucio* : Ah, here you are, you villain, confound you.  
With six grinning apes gathered around you;  
Why did n't you come when I called you?  
Explain? [*Snaps whip,*

*Grumio* : If you please, sir, I'd just—

*Petrucio* : Well, do n't do it again.  
[*Katharine sinks exhausted into chair.*]

*Petrucio* : [*To cooks.*] Hold up your heads, you ruffian crew,  
I do n't want any limpness in my retinue.  
[*Snaps whip. Cooks get in line.*]



*Petrucio* : You see, Mrs. P., I'm master here,  
A fact I'd advise you to notice, my dear.

## SONG.

*Petrucio* :

I'm the master of this mansion. See their menial  
faces twitching,

Cowards all,

When I call,

To each I daily give a switching.

To set them howling,

And cure their scowling,

Is bewitching.

You see, my dear,

I'm master here.

With my trusty switch I beat them,

Heeding not excuses.

'T is the only way to treat them,

Thus avoid abuses.

Give them this, both night and morning,

Justice, mercy, ever scorning,

Spur them on to do my bidding,

Laggards all my household ridding.

Every morn at nine about,

I thrash them with this trusty knout.

Ah, yes, I whack them.

Upon the back I daily thwack them,

With this I knout them,

'T is thus I flout them.

A philanthropic master is the brave Petrucio.

]Cooks Drill.

*Katharine* : See here, Petrucio, send the cooks below,

[*Exeunt cooks.*

I swear to you I 'm nearly starved.

Tell them I 'd like a baked potato,

And a bit of chicken already carved.

*Petrucio* : Hungry, my dear ? You can't be so,  
Just think of the wedding feast at home.

*Katharine* : We 'd none of it, quite well you know.

*Petrucio* : Come, Katharine, do n't begin to foam.  
Emulate me. Keep down your temper  
And happiness will reign, sic semper.

*Katharine* : Get me a bun, a piece of cake or pie,  
For heaven's sake, do n't let me die.

*Petrucio* : Hi, there, without—mince pie for three,  
And poulet à la crème or fricassee,  
Or roast, or fried, or any way,  
We do n't care how, so long as it 's poulet.

*Katharine* : 'T will take a week to cook a hen.

*Petrucio* : Never mind the chicken, bring the pie.

*Katharine* : To make mine pie takes nine or ten.

*Petrucio* : Do n't mind the pastry. What will you try ?

We 've water, flour and nutmegs in the larder.

*Katharine* : Was e'er a bridal trip made harder ?  
Can't you get me a morsel of bread ?

*Petrucio* : The morsels are out, but the table is spread.

If you 're fond of nice china, I 've Crown Derby plates,

And a fine set of Worcester in several states,

I 've Minton for fish and Trenton for fruit.

*Katharine* : I 've reached the conclusion you 're naught but a brute,

Talking of plates to a famished soul.

I 'll stand it no longer—I 'm here to control.

Master you may be ; mistress I am.

Hi, cook, send us up an oyster or clam—

*Petrucio* : You must not give orders.

*Katharine* : I 'll do as I choose.

*Petrucio* : Command as you please. The men will refuse.

[*Enter Milliner.*

Well, what do you want ? Who ordered you here ?

*Milliner* : The madame, I think, sir.

*Petrucio* : Is this true, my dear ?

*Katharine* : It is true. I telegraphed down here from  
pa's,

I wished a new hat. Pray be seated.

*Petrucio* : By Mars

But this is a beautiful spirit, I swear ;

She 'll run me in debt if I don't have a  
care.

You don't need a hat any more than I  
need

Two heads on my shoulders—a bonnet,  
indeed.

*Katharine* : Two heads on your shoulders might give  
you more sense.

Pray show me the hat.

*Petrucio* : Ah, what 's the expense ?

*Katharine* : You 'll find that out when you get the bill.

*Petrucio* : Well, this beats the Dutch ! My fluttering  
lung, be still.

*Milliner* : This is the bonnet, ma'm ; it 's somewhat  
low,

Only three yards from end to end ;

But the fashion 's changed this year, you  
know.

*Katharine* : How nicely all these colors blend,  
Red, green, yellow, blue and pink.

*Petrucio* : Blend like the parrot and the missing link.

You cannot purchase, Kate, that bonnet ;  
I put my veto, love, upon it.

*Katharine* : What care I for your veto, sir ?

To keep the bonnet I much prefer.

Keep it I shall, and, what 's more, I 'll  
wear it

To church next Sabbath, if the Fates shall  
spare it.

*Petrucio* : Well, if I 'm the Fates, it won't be spared,  
I 'm not going to have the dominie scared  
By a thing like that in the middle aisle.

*Milliner* : The bonnet, sir, is quite the style.  
My daughter, who 's just back from town,  
With all the styles for the modern gown,  
Went one evening to see the play,  
And all the ladies were dressed this way—  
Indeed, the papers are all in a rage  
Because no man can see the stage.

*Petrucio* : That 's just the point. The hat must go.

*Katharine* : Then go it shall—upon my head.

*Petrucio* : [*Tossing it through the window.*] Out  
of the window, down below.

'T will look quite well in the flower bed.

[*Exit Milliner.*]

*Katharine* : [*Aside.*] The man 's a brute ; but I 'll  
conquer yet.

I must dissemble ; let him think me tame  
Until the upper hand some day I get,  
And then I'll bring my lord to shame.

[*Aloud.*] Well, Petrucio, thou hast won  
at last.

I will submit and cut loose from the past.  
I've been so full of caprice and of whim,  
That my sense of justice has been dim.

I yield allegiance, for I admire thy pluck ;  
By thy force of character I'm greatly  
struck,

And all my vices, to-day will see me rout  
'em,

And from this date I'll do without 'em.

#### SONG :

##### *Katharine :*

I've reached the sage conclusion that there's little  
satisfaction

In giving way to temper when events don't suit me  
quite.

My previous disposition I intend to draw from action,  
And indulge in amiability instead of petty spite.

Temper, indeed.

I'm going to do without it, I won't have any more,

I'm going to do without it, just as lots have done before,

I'm going to be a martyr, quite free from war and  
strife,

And all the boys and girls will say,  
Oh, there goes a sweet young wife.

I'll never throw a hatchet at my husband or my daddy,  
I'll never toss the bric-à-brac or pictures on the floor,  
I'll never smash the windows with the cover to the  
caddy,

Nor will I rise at six A. M. and madly yell for gore.  
Gore, indeed.

I'm going to do without it, etc.

I'll cease to answer compliment with rude insinuation,  
I'll trip the light fantastic toe and sing once in a  
while,

I'll cease to swear and tear my hair in mental aber-  
ration,

And once a week exert myself to take an honest  
smile.

Blues, indeed!

I'm going to do without 'em, etc.

I'll swear off theatre bonnets with birds for decora-  
tion,

My hats will all be small and never more than eight  
feet high;

I'll cease to rile my husband for my private delectation,

And, oh, to be a sweet young thing and amiable, I'll  
try.

Vices, indeed!

I'm going to do without 'em, I won't have any more,  
I'm going to swear them off just as lots have done  
before,

I'm going to be a martyr, and all wickedness eschew,  
So that the boys and girls will say,  
Oh, my, what a tame young shrew!

*Petrucio:* Katharine, with joy you fill my heart,  
To hear thee promise t' obey, doth gladden.  
Let us at once for thy father's house  
depart,  
Which thou hast done so much to sadden.  
'T were best to let him share at once our  
joy,  
And once for all his forebodings ill destroy.  
Thou shalt have the bonnet, darling; Pe-  
truccio will get it;  
And on thy dainty head will straightway  
set it.

[*Exit Petrucio.*

*Katharine:* The scheme begins to work. I'll have  
him 'neath my thumb  
Ere once again the Sabbath day hath  
come.



Indeed, I'll have him there before thou  
wanest, Luna,

Within two days, my love—or sooner.

[*Enter Petrucio with bonnet.*]

Ah, husband dear, thou truly dost  
Not know the sweetness of perfect trust.

*Petruco:* Beloved Kate, I'll learn from thee,  
Day after day; but darling, see—  
The horses now quite ready are,  
We'll start at once for Padua.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III. Street outside of Padua. Enter Newsboys.

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CHORUS.

Extra, extra, buy your papers,  
All the latest news we sell,  
Murders, scandals, foreign capers,  
Extra *Cablegram* will tell.  
Extra, extra, buy your papers,  
Here 's the five o'clock *Pell-Mell*,  
Murders, scandals, warlike vapors,  
In the extra evening *Sell*.

Stock fluctuations,  
And all flirtations,  
Great fabrications,

When news is short,  
Large circulations,  
Small compensations,  
All through the nation's  
The *Cablegram* bought.

Will you have a *World* or *Sun*, sir,  
Daily *Tribune* or the *Times*?  
You will find in every one, sir,  
Full accounts of horrid crimes.  
Or, perhaps an evening journal,  
*Advertiser*, *Evening Post*,  
Giving all the news nocturnal,  
They're the ones that cost the most.

Extra, extra, buy your papers,  
Any price, just take your pick,  
Murders, scandals, warlike vapors,  
Social news and politic.

[*Enter Baptista, followed by Tranio  
disguised as Lucentio.*]

*Baptista* : This absence of Bianca makes me fear.  
That she'll come back is hardly to be  
hoped,  
At ten this morn she went from here,  
It looks as if the maid's eloped.

*Tranio :* That seems a most unlikely measure,  
But if it happen that thy treasure  
Has thought it well to wed another,  
I beg that thou wilt strive to smother  
Thy passionate resentment for the deed,  
Thus I, the jilted one, do plead.

*Baptista :* A noble fellow, Lucentio, thou art.  
I wish I had another daughter,  
For, if thou could'st but win her heart,  
I'd give her to thee, had'st thou ne'er a  
quarter.

[*Enter Gremio.*

*Gremio :* Well, Baptista, sir, how goes the game ?  
This day must you decide between us.  
Which takes away the lovely dame  
Who vies in beauty with Mme. Venus ?

*Tranio :* Hast thou not heard that I have won ?

*Gremio :* Thou ?

*Baptista :* Yes, friend, Lucentio's my son.  
His father sent him lots of wealth,  
By gods endowed with perfect health,  
But the maid, alas ! is gone by stealth.  
And though he's won, the maid's not his,  
She left home early in the morn,  
No one knows just where she is,  
Except, forsooth, that she is gone.

*Gremio :* Ha ! ha ! 'T is plain for whom she cared,  
Not for him—the idiotic youth—  
But eke for me, sedate and silver haired.

*Tranio :* With sixteen false and one good tooth.

*Gremio :* What 's that you say ?

*Tranio :* Thy tooth—

*Gremio :* 'T is false !

*Tranio :* That 's what I said—thy base assaults  
On rivals seem to be inspired  
By jealousy, so cease, you make me tired.

*Newsboys :*

Extra, extra, buy your papers,  
Any price, just take your pick,  
Scandals, murders, foreign capers,  
Social news and politic.

*Baptista :* Here, my boy, give me the *Sun*,  
Somebody 's hurt, let 's read about the  
fun.

*Tranio :* [*Looking over Baptista's shoulder.*]  
“Telegraph Ticks: The Taming of a  
Shrew,”

That 's pretty good ; let 's cut it out ;  
For, after all, it may be true,  
And will help Petrucio beyond a doubt.

*Baptista*: Why, I declare. It's Katharine that's tamed

*Tranio:* [*Snatching paper.*] Why, so it is!

*Gremio:* [*Snatching paper.*] Well, I'll be blamed.

*Baptista*: [*Snatching paper.*] "On Saturday noon,  
at Petrucio's bower,  
After a tussle of more than an hour,  
Katharine, his wife, surrendered the fight.  
The victor and vanquished reach town  
to-night."

To-night? Great Scott! 't is now to-night,  
They'll soon be here! Oh, horrid plight.  
The girl's day out, Bianca gone!  
The festal board will look forlorn

*Gremio* :    [*Reading.*] I say, see here, Hortensio's  
                     been wed,  
                     He's married Laura, who's husband's  
                     lately dead.  
                     What's this! Great Heavens! A nice  
                     young man *you* are.

[*To Tranio.*

Produce Bianca, thou villain vile,  
Thou hast deceived her trustful Pa;  
Read that, Baptista—

*Tranio:* Thou dost revile  
A bit too much, thou aged fop,  
It makes me weary. 'T were well to stop.

Ere this thy years restrained my fist,  
Hereafter, sir, I would advise, desist.

*Baptista* : What libel 's this before my eyes !  
Bianca married ? The paper lies.  
Read, Lucentio, what it says of thee  
Under the marriages.

*Tranio* : Yes, I see.  
"By the Reverend Bishop of St. Hilde-  
garde's,  
Bianca to Lucentio, No cards."

*Baptista* : It cannot be. You 've been all day with  
me.

*Gremio* : But yonder she comes, with her tutor.  
See !  
By Jove, this rascal 's played the traitor !  
I 'll trounce him well when I see him later.

*Baptista* : The tutor ! Heavens ! How my head  
doth swim.  
Suppose the girl 's eloped with him !

[*Enter Lucentio and Bianca.*]

*Bianca* : Hello, papa. I hope you 've not been  
worried,  
Lucy and I have greatly hurried.

*Baptista* : Lucy ? Who 's Lucy, and what does this  
mean ?

- Lucentio* : It means we are married, Pop-papa dear.
- Gremio* : [*Laughing.*] Pop-papa dear ! methinks  
there 'll be a scene.  
'T were best for me to get away from here.  
[*Exit.*
- Baptista* : [*To Bianca.*] Married ? To him ? My  
heart is broke. [*Weeps.*
- Tranio* : I pray forgive them ere you choke.
- Bianca* : Why, papa dear, you surely said I might.
- Lucentio* : Y-yes, pop-papa dear, Bianca's right.
- Baptista* : Dear sir, I've no wish to be impolite,  
But that assertion I deny, most flat !  
[*To Tranio.*] I never said she could  
marry that !
- Bianca* : You did. "Lucentio may have her," were  
the words you used,  
And I sha' n't stay here and have my love  
abused.
- Tranio* : Those certainly were the words you spoke.
- Lucentio* : The very words, right here by the oak.
- Baptista* : Nobody says I did n't say that,  
But you're not Lucentio, that's very pat.
- Lucentio* : I am Lucentio, dearest papa.
- Baptista* : Lucentio, eh ? The devil you are !  
A very good joke. What think you, my  
boy ? [*To Tranio.*

*Tranio*: Baptista, he's right. I'm but a decoy.

*Baptista*: What, you a decoy? And the Niagaran carriage?

*Tranio*: Naught but a ruse to hasten this marriage.

*Baptista*: Oh, I am undone. This villainous pair  
Have ruined completely my favorite  
schemes.

Bianca's ma's spook will pull out my hair,  
And haunt me when waking and ruin  
my dreams.

*Bianca*: Do n't take on, papa, in this horrible way,  
My Lucy in private has something to say.

*Baptista*: I'll not deign to speak to the treacherous  
mortal,  
And should he come home, he'll be kicked  
from the portal.

I won't have him enter my mansion again.

*Lucentio*: You really do n't know me, Baptista, that's  
plain.

*Baptista*: I do n't, and do n't wish to.

*Lucentio*: All right, sir. Farewell.  
Tranio, listen. I wish you would tell  
The board that I'm going to Pisa to-  
morrow.

*Baptista*: [*Aside.*] The board? What is this—



*Lucentio :*

Express, too, my sorrow  
To the Street Car Directors that my  
absence prevented  
Their getting the franchise ; and see if  
they 've rented  
My Villa at Newport. Then go and collect  
My Government coupons. Be sure and  
inspect  
Those Paduan mortgages left at the bank,  
In the lottery scheme let all draw a blank.  
Then go to the Opera, buy the best seats,  
And sell them for double the usual receipts.  
Work up a corner in grain and in wheat,  
And squeeze all the orphans you find on  
the street.  
Be careful, good Tranio, careful and  
callous.  
Your reward for to-day's work's an an-  
cestral palace,  
With modern improvements in neighbor-  
hood healthy.  
Stick by me, my boy. Ere long you'll be  
wealthy.

*Tranio :*

The Gas Trust in Venice, I think you  
forgot  
To give me instructions—and then, sir, the  
Yacht ?

*Lucentio* : Oh, never mind. The Trust and Yacht  
may wait,

They are but trifles—how many millions?

*Tranio* : Eight.

*Lucentio* : A bagatelle. Attend you to the rest.

*Tranio* : I'll strive, my Lord, to do your least  
behest. [Exit.]

*Baptista* : [Aside.] An incarnated mine I seem t' have  
struck,

I've certainly no reason for being down on  
luck.

He's an alderman, bondholder, in grain an  
operator,

Likewise from what I gather a ticket spec-  
ulator,

'T were foolish to hold out 'gainst one  
who's thus endowed,

I'll stop this talk "aside" and forgive  
the pair aloud.

[To Bianca and Lucentio.] Children, for-  
give me if I've seemed too hard,

A father's feelings you must regard.

When I heard you'd gone I raised a row,  
For I felt pretty mad—but I'm better now.

*Lucentio* : [Aside.] I thought the wealth would  
assuage his sorrow.

I greatly hope he'll not wish to borrow.

For I've scarce a ducat, am nowhere  
trusted,

And 't would break his heart to know me  
busted.

*Bianca :* Beloved father, I thought that you'd repent.

*Lucentio :* I likewise had a thought to that extent.

*Baptista :* Come, take my blessing. Down upon  
your knees.

*Lucentio :* Thanks, dearest Pop, I'll stand up, if you  
please.

You see, beneath my toga I've a pair of  
Sunday pants,

And I don't exactly like to kneel. It  
breeds extravagance.

It cost six ducats for the crease that runs  
along the knee,

And so I'll stand and take the bless, if it's  
all the same to thee.

*Bianca :* Me, too, Papa ; Lucentio's objections I  
commend,

My dress indeed's so very tight, I really  
could n't bend.

*Baptista :* All right, beloved ones, you need not stoop,  
I can bless you just as well without the  
droop.

Now, Bianca, homeward run. Prepare the  
tea ;

I'm going to give a general jubilee.  
Invite the neighbors, one and all, to come—  
We'll pass an evening grandly frolicsome.  
Petrucio and Katharine are now upon the  
road,  
And ere the sun has set will grace my  
blest abode.

*Bianca :* Katharine coming? Oh, dear, how horrid!  
I greatly fear she'll make the evening  
torrid.

*Baptista :* Oh, never fear. Petrucio's tamed her.  
Read the *Sun*.  
I'd give a cent to know just how 't was  
done.

*Lucentio :* [*Aside.*] I'll bet most anything he used  
a gun.

[*Exeunt, Bianca reading paper.*

*Newsboys :*

Extra, extra, buy your papers, etc., etc.

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SCENE IV. Banqueting Hall, Table at rear. All but Katharine and Petrucio  
are present and grouped about the room. Chorus at rear sing Glee.

---

*Baptista :* [*Rising.*] Welcome, my friends, I'm  
glad to see  
So many grace this jubilee.  
Why I rejoice, you'll forthwith hear,  
And I have small doubts you'll loudly cheer

To know Kate's tasted discipline,  
That Bianca's found a son for me,  
And married life will soon begin.

*Hortensio* : Bianca married—oh ! horrid lot !

*Laura* : [*Grasping Hortensio's arm.*] What's  
that you say ?

*Hortensio* : [*Aside.*] Phew, I forgot !  
My darling, nothing. Don't ! You hurt.  
I pitied him who won the flirt,  
That's all.

*Laura* : Well, it's sufficient.  
In the art of expression you're quite de-  
ficient.  
I could have sworn your face spoke grief  
Of a different sort. That is, in brief,  
Had you been jealous of Lucentio,  
You'd not have looked much different.

*Hortensio* : Oh,  
You wrong me, Laura, I love but you,  
Thou perfect being from hat to shoe.

*Bianca* : I wonder where Petrucio and Kate can be.  
I expected them at six thirty-three.

*Baptista* : [*Looking at watch.*] They should be  
here by now. I fear  
Katharine's had a relapse. Oh, dear,

A fine jubilee 't would be, indeed,  
If to former ways she should recede.

[*Shouts without.*

But hist ! What cheers are these without ?  
'T is they, good friends, beyond a doubt.

[*Enter Petrucio, leading Katharine by a chain. Grumio follows.*

*Lucentio* : Great heavens ! what a change has come.  
It can't be real.

*Chorus* : Thrice welcome home !

*Katharine* : Thanks, good neighbors.

*Petrucio* : That 'll do, Kate.

I 'll do the talking. We 're somewhat late ;  
But we came by the Rapid Transit road,  
That stops nowadays at every third abode.

*Katharine* : Why, yes, if we had walked, I think—

*Petrucio* : To think you 're not required. Shrink !

*Baptista* : Why, Petrucio, let my daughter speak.

*Katharine* : [*In tears.*] I 've hardly spoken for a  
week.

*Petrucio* : Good sir, I beg do n't interfere,  
I 'm master of my own. My dear,  
Go to your room and remove your hat.

*Laura* : And we 'll go help you, Kate. We 'll chat  
About these horrid men we 've wed.

[*Whispers.*] And cook up schemes to  
make them wish them dead.

*Petrucio* : I 'd much prefer she 'd go alone.  
Hortensio, tell your bride to stay,  
I hardly like thy lady 's tone.

*Hortensio* : I let her have her own sweet way.  
You see, Petrucio, she 's buried four  
Good men and true—a goodly score !  
And so with her I hate to be at odds,  
Lest I be laid beneath the sods.

*[Exeunt Katharine, Laura and Bianca. The men gather about Petrucio and shake his hand.]*

*Grumio* : I did n't think it could be done.

*Baptista* : 'T is the greatest wonder 'neath the sun.

*Lucentio* : I would n't care to bet you 've won,  
'T would not surprise me if she yet re-  
volted.

*Petrucio* : Oh, never fear. I have her ! Riveted  
and bolted.

*Hortensio* : I 'd like to know just how you do it.  
If the plan were easy, I might pursue it.

*Petrucio* : Well, I hardly know, if I 'd been like you,  
And married a widow, just what I 'd do.  
But in my case, I made a list  
Of failings that she should desist,  
And by withholding meat and drink,  
I tamed her pretty well, I think.

*Lucentio* : A list, you say ? What was it, pray ?

*Petrucio* : If the orchestra will kindly play, "It never  
would be missed,"  
I'll warble to you, gentlemen, of what it  
did consist.

## SONG.

*Petrucio* :

As some day it may happen that your wives shall be  
too airy,

I've made a little list, I've made a little list,  
Of the foibles and the failings of the woman who's  
contrary,

Which never would be missed, which never would  
be missed.

There's the craze for contradiction, no matter what  
is said,

The habit of indulging in the wish that they were dead,  
The never-failing reservoir of tears wherewith to weep,  
And the purchasing of anything that happens to be  
cheap.

The wearing of the hair aback in horrid Psyche twist—  
They'd none of them be missed, they'd none of  
them be missed.

*Chorus* :

He's got 'em on his list, he's got 'em on his list,  
And they never will be missed, they never will be  
missed.



*Petrucio :*

The making of unkind remarks about their dearest  
friends,  
They rarely will desist—I have it on my list.  
The utter disregard they have for lack of dividends,  
Which frequently are missed, oh, yes, they're often  
missed ;  
Their pretty schemes for charity and ever constant  
calls  
Upon the pocket and the bank for Charitable Balls,  
Devotion to the Dorcas Club and all affairs of church,  
Which leave Papa with buttons loose and babies in the  
lurch,  
Pushed to the brink of ruin by a Dude Evangelist,  
I've got him on the list—I trust he'll soon be  
missed.

*Chorus :*

He's got him on the list.

*Petrucio :*

To cure all these infirmities I think I've found a way,  
So that they will exist no more upon the list.  
When she has gone to Dorcas Club, why go you to  
the play.  
The Dorcas will be missed, quite soon it will be  
missed ;  
Whene'er she wears her Psyche twist, remark, " Oh,  
lovely Jane,

Your back hair's just too lovely, like the handle  
to a cane."

And should she pine for novels, get her "Woman's  
Work for Lent."

She'll soon swear off the parson to a very large extent;  
And when she argues with you, in silence just persist,  
And you'll find she'll soon desist, you'll find she'll  
soon desist.

*Chorus :*

We will find she'll soon desist if in silence we persist.

*Hortensio :* That's all very well. Suppose the scheme  
do n't work,

Suppose your wife should chance to have  
the virtues of the Turk?

Then, good Petrucio, what would'st thou  
do?

*Petrucio :* I'd emulate the Tartar, too.

*Lucentio :* Maybe you're right. But I do n't believe  
Your scheme will work. I do n't perceive  
That two wrongs ever make a right.

*Petrucio :* I'll show you, then, this very night.  
I'll wager that my wife's more tame  
Than those who've just assumed your  
name.

*Lucentio* : The bet 's absurd. We 're sure to win.

*Petrucio* : Still would I bet ; put up your tin.

[*Katharine appears at door and listens.*

Or, if not coin, my supremacy I 'll bet,  
That Katharine obeys like a drilled cadet  
My least command.

*Grumio* : Oh, master, master, do n't you do it.  
I 've a dread presentment that you 'll  
rue it.

Thy wife 's been closeted an hour now  
with Laura,  
And the combination, sir, inspires me with  
horror.

*Petrucio* : [*Aside.*] Ye gods ! I had forgotten that.  
'T were dangerous e'en to bet a hat,  
I must back down or forever bow.

*Hortensio* : I 'll take the bet.

*Grumio* : There 'll be a row.

*Lucentio* : And so will I.

*Petrucio* : [*Aside.*] What have I done ?  
Yet must I take them. [*Aloud.*] Well,  
Grumio, run,  
Say to thy mistress I desire her at once,  
That no delay I 'll brook. [*Aside.*] I 've  
been a dunce.

[*Exit Grumio.*

However, I shall hope the best,  
But ne'er again so rashly seek the test.  
She's bound to come—her spirit's surely  
gone.

*[Enter Grumio with clothing torn and  
much demoralized.]*

*Grumio :* Oh, let me die ! I'm ripped and torn.  
Before she gets here let me go !

*Petrucio :* Come, sir, what message for Petrucio ?

*Grumio :* She'll come when she pleases, she bade  
me say.

She declares no longer she'll obey ;  
She's fully armed and backed by Laura.  
You'd better fly, sir—you had, begorra.

*[Loud crash without.]*

*Baptista :* She's on the rampage. What shall we do ?  
*[Crash.]*

*Petrucio :* I'd much prefer to leave that, sir, to you.  
I'm so confused. I did n't think the play  
Was brought to a finish in just this way.  
I fully understood when I took this part  
That Kate should be subdued and tamed.  
I suppose the author thought it smart  
To have me thus in public shamed ;  
But if there's law within the land,  
*[Crash.]*

I'll make him smart another way.  
Before a jury he'll have to stand,  
And for breach of promise be made to  
pay.

[*Crash.*

*Hortensio* : I thought the libretto called for submission.  
There's been a conspiracy in the inter-  
mission.

[*Crash.*

*Petrucio* : For Heaven's sake, get me a gun,  
Give me a cannon. This may be fun  
For you. Oh, laugh away. Of course.  
A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a  
horse!

[*Enter Katharine with whip in hand,  
followed by Bianca and Laura.*

*Katharine* : Aha, my tyrant! Here you are!

*Petrucio* : Yes, Katie sweet, I'm here, Aha!

*Katharine* : You said you wanted me, I believe!

*Petrucio* : Not this evening, dearest, some other eve.

*Lucentio* : The noble warrior. How he doth quake.

*Baptista* : Please note the neighbors. For heaven's  
sake,

Do n't humiliate us all before them.

*Laura* : Do n't mind the neighbors, Kate. Ignore  
them,

They were invited to note your fall.  
Go in and win, while you have the call.

*Katharine* : Fear not for me hereafter, Laura,  
I think I have this lusty roarer  
Just where I wish him. Down, tyrant,  
down!

*Petrucio* : All right, Kate dear—but please do n't  
frown. [*He falls on his knees.*]  
You frighten hubby, do n't you know,  
And wifey dear, go slow, go slow.

*Bianca* : There, Katharine, now he 's down, let up—  
Let all together harmoniously sup.

*Petrucio* : Yes, darling wife, let 's go and eat,  
And, please, may I resume my feet?

*Katharine* : [*Tying chain about him.*] Yes, my dear.  
Petrucio may rise,  
If I read obedience in his eyes.

*Petrucio* : Two pupils in mine eyes there are,  
Quick-witted, too, the retina;  
But how to print obedience there,  
They have no notion.

*Katharine* : If you 'll swear  
Before these people forever to eschew  
Thine amateurish efforts to tame a shrew,  
I'll let you up.

*Petrucio* : I swear before them all  
That, after this, when e'er you call,  
Or even whistle, I 'll come to thee.

*Laura* : Hurrah for Kate and victory !

*Baptista* : Well, this is great. The groom hath falt-  
ered,  
Our jubilee must now be altered.

*Hortensio* : I think, as Petrucio has struck his colors,  
Lucentio and I should do likewise,  
And of submission eat the crullers.

*Lucentio* : I 'll gladly do as you advise.

[ *They embrace their wives.*

*Laura* : That 's right ; give up to the sex called  
sweet,  
Whether 't is argument or a horse-car  
seat.  
Give up to the ladies, e'en though they fail  
to rank you  
Amongst those mortals who 're worth a  
thank you.

*Baptista* : That 's what I did, and I was gray  
Before I 'd been wed a year and a day,  
But hairs of gray become a man, I 've  
heard.

*Gremio* : They do, indeed.

*Tranio* : Oh, how absurd !  
[ *Gremio and Tranio retire, quarrelling.*

*Katharine* : And now I'd like to say a word.

*Petrucio* : You're pretty sure to say it if you desire.

*Bianca* : Be still, Petrucio. Do n't arouse her ire.

*Katharine* : Will Shakespeare or Bacon, or whoever  
wrote the play

Called " Taming of the Shrew "—a mad  
affray—

Doubtless studied deeply the shrews of  
his day.

Abuse with them may have been the means  
Of making things pleasant behind the  
scenes ;

But to say that Cupid can be knouted into  
line,

That aggravation is the cure for tempers  
such as mine,

That boorish behavior alone inspires re-  
spect,

And makes a maiden honor the groom-  
elect—

Why, I certainly deny that the moral's  
fair.

What has happened here, will happen  
elsewhere.

And to Bacon or Shakespeare I would  
publicly say,

That the modern shrew is n't built that way.



Now if Petrucio will to this fact agree,  
The management of home he may divide  
with me,

*Petrucio*: Sweet Katharine, of your remarks I recognize the force:

Do n't strive to tame a woman as you  
would a horse.

## CHORUS.

*Omnes*:

And now good night; the battle fierce is over,  
Hereafter all will dwell most happily in clover.

Our enemies are routed,  
Their morals bad are flouted,

And we most peacefully may ever dwell in clover.

True love will reign  
Again.

Kindness, to the fore,  
Down with clanking chain,  
Quarrelling give o'er.

The fight is over,  
We'll dwell in clover,

In happiness and peace we'll live forevermore.

[*Curtain.*



# KATHSEIVE

A TRAVESTY

BY



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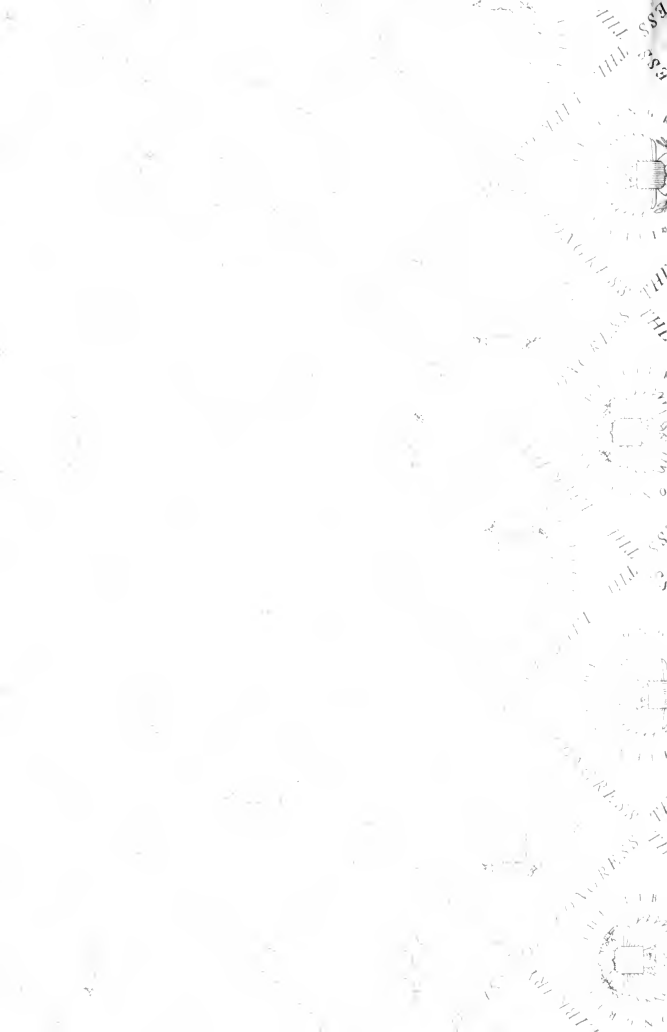
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